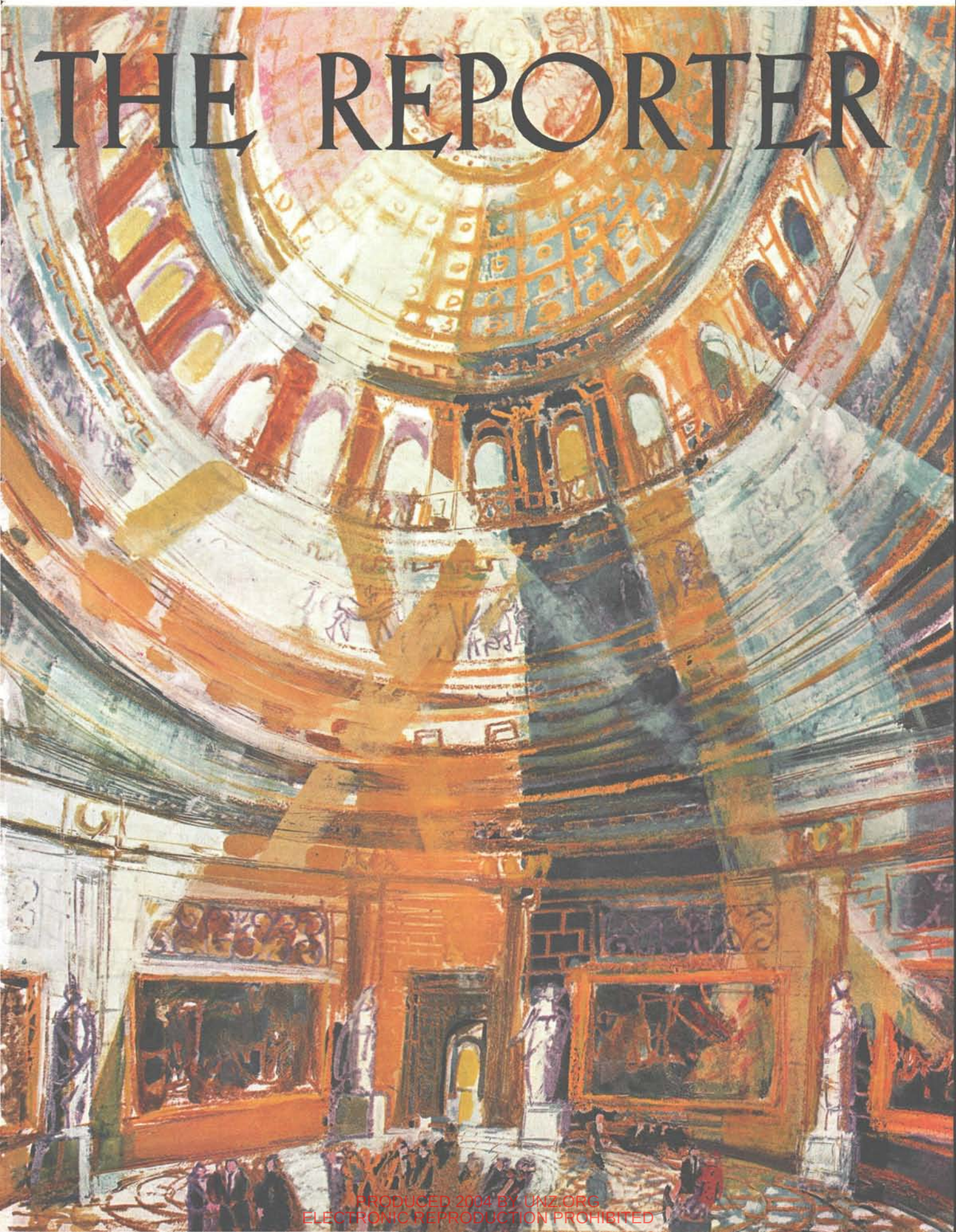
NOW THAT WE'VE SEEN HIM—

October 15, 1959 25¢

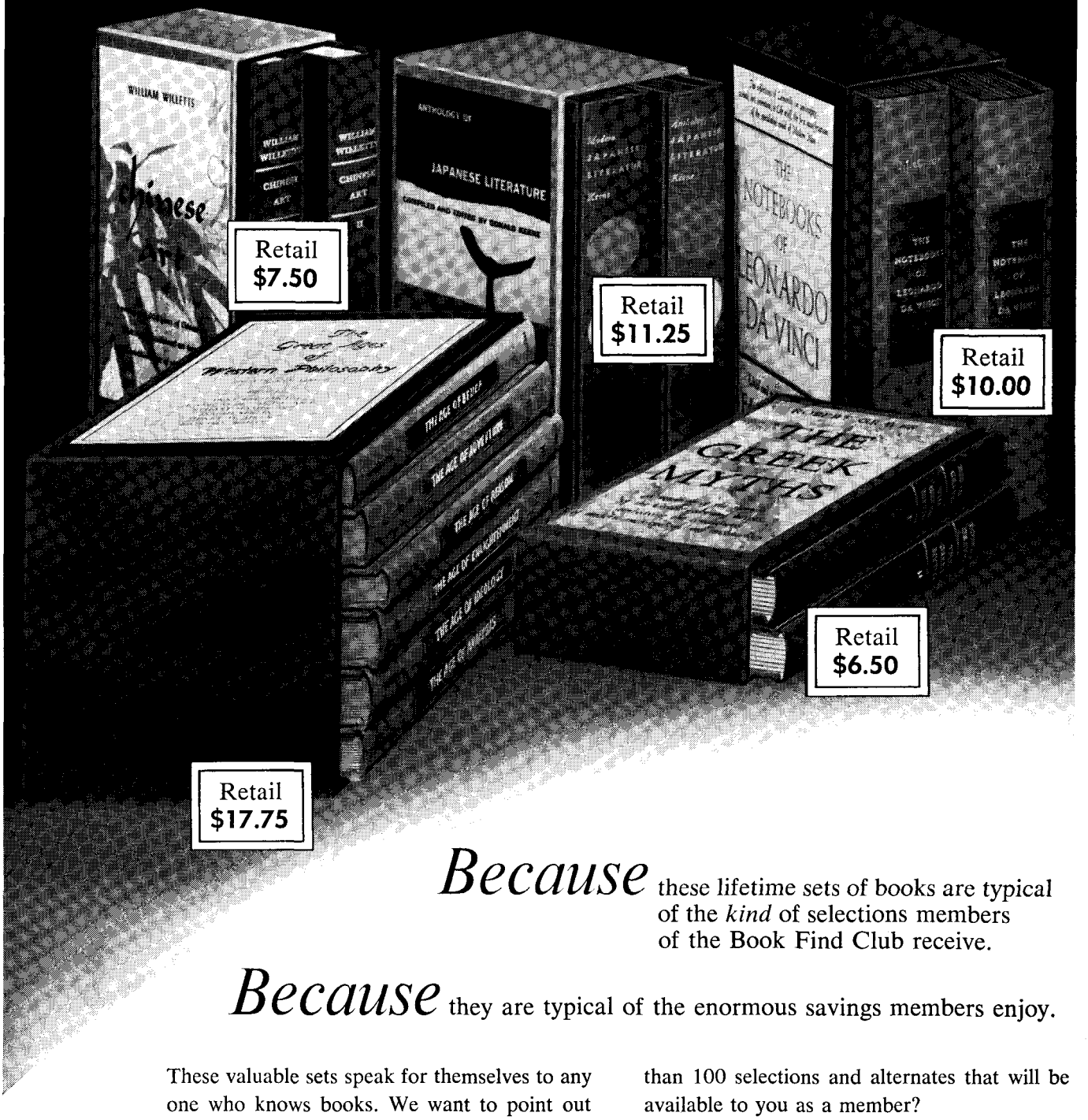
The Lonely Men on Capitol Hill

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why The Book Find Club offers you any



Because these lifetime sets of books are typical of the *kind* of selections members of the Book Find Club receive.

Because they are typical of the enormous savings members enjoy.

These valuable sets speak for themselves to any one who knows books. We want to point out though that they can, depending on the choices you make, represent immediate savings of as much as $30.50.

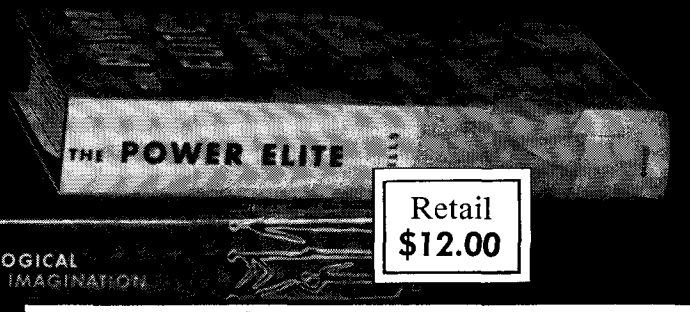
Furthermore – look at the books pictured at the right – all Book Find Club selections. Isn't it altogether likely that you will want to choose at least five more such books during the next year – at savings up to 50% – from the more than 100 selections and alternates that will be available to you as a member?

And remember – after every fourth selection that you take you receive a valuable *bonus book* without charge, of the same high quality as your selections. Begin your membership today. *Discover for yourself the advantages of using the Book Find Club to choose the books you really want to read and to keep for your permanent library.*

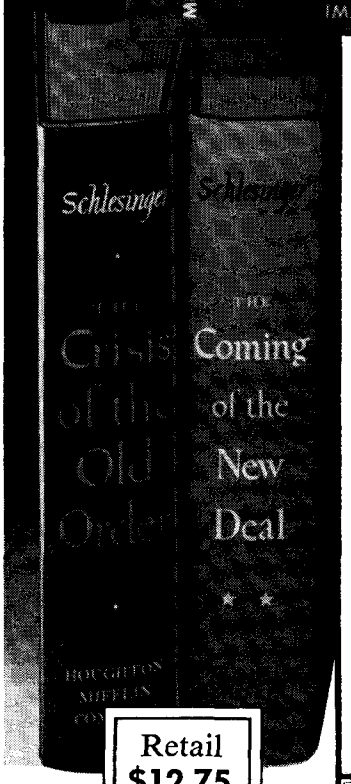
The Book

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO SETS FREE with membership



Retail **$12.00**



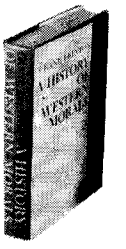
Retail **$12.75**

Shakespeare and Company. By Sylvia Beach; *and* **Human Nature and the Human Condition.** By Joseph Wood Krutch. Combined retail price $8.45. Member's price (for both books) $4.75.

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.

America as a Civilization. By Max Lerner. Retail $10.00. Member's price $4.95.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated by Richmond Lattimore. Member's price $4.50.



A History of Western Morals. By Crane Brinton. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.

J. B. By Archibald MacLeish; *and* **Brave New World Revisited.** By Aldous Huxley. Combined retail price $6.50. Member's price (for both books) $4.50.

The Holy Barbarians. By Lawrence Lipton. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.

A History of Sexual Customs. By Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.

The Dream of the Red Chamber. The great Chinese classic. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.

The Living Theatre. By Elmer Rice. Retail $5.50. Member's price $3.95.

Begin Membership with Any of These Outstanding Books

- ☐ SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY and HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION
- ☐ THE ODYSSEY: A MODERN SEQUEL
- ☐ AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION
- ☐ THE ILIAD OF HOMER
- ☐ A HISTORY OF WESTERN MORALS
- ☐ THE HOLY BARBARIANS
- ☐ J. B. and BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED
- ☐ A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS
- ☐ THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER
- ☐ THE LIVING THEATRE

BOOK FIND CLUB
215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send me the two free sets of my choice with my first selection (checked above) at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy at least five additional selections—or alternates—in the next twelve months, with the understanding that I am to receive a *free bonus book* after my fourth purchase. I am to receive each month without charge the *Book Find News* containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice: if I do not want the selection announced I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the five additional selections or alternates.

Choose Any Two of These Sets FREE with Your First Selection

- ☐ THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY
- ☐ ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE and MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE
- ☐ THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
- ☐ THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER and THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL
- ☐ THE GREEK MYTHS
- ☐ THE POWER ELITE and THE SOCIOLOGICAL IMAGINATION
- ☐ CHINESE ART

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
Please print

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

(Same offer and prices apply in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario)

B9-101

Find Club

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Change of Life

Anyone attending the AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco would have to be pardoned for believing that the delegates were there only to moan about the plight of labor. The air in the Civic Auditorium was one of boredom and gloom, and the only enthusiasm demonstrated came when the delegates fell to quarreling among themselves. In San Francisco, one of the strongest union cities in the country, the visitors' galleries were practically empty except for loyal wives and innocent foreign guests. Even the Socialist Labor Party, for the first time in living memory, didn't bother to peddle its papers outside the hall. It was one of the most dispirited conventions on record—and this at a time when one of the major unions, the steelworkers, was engaged in a bitter strike.

Feeble attempts were made to stir up emotions, old and new. The Landrum-Griffin bill was assailed as a step toward fascism, no less. A foreign-policy resolution appealed to "the workers, peasants, and intellectuals of all countries in the Middle East to—" we forget what. Mike Quill demanded a labor party. Senator Kennedy's name was booed mildly for his part in passing the recent labor law, and Walter Reuther—having polished off Nikita Khrushchev insulted Secretary of Labor Mitchell, who was on the platform, by announcing, to his face that he (Reuther) had been opposed to inviting such a black-hearted reactionary as him (Mitchell). Mr. Mitchell was doubtless puzzled, knowing as he did that Mr. Reuther had already invited Vice-President Nixon (and Senator Kennedy) to address the forthcoming convention of the Automobile Workers, but he kept his composure. George Meany did not: on two occasions he roundly berated A. Philip Randolph for making a nuisance of himself on the issue of racially segregated unions. The Metal Trades Council attacked the steel and oil unions for trespassing on its jurisdiction.

Why was it all so grim, so sad? To be sure, there was disillusionment with the record of the Eighty-Sixth Congress, but in private most of the labor leaders are far less outraged about the Landrum-Griffin bill than they are in public. They themselves know that the trade unions can learn to live with Landrum-Griffin, just as they have learned to live with Taft-Hartley. The steel strike should have inflamed rather than dampened spirits. The strike is not lost—at least not yet. Indeed, it is reasonably certain that the government will soon intervene to help save face on both sides. The union's members have shown an extraordinary loyalty and steadfastness in what everyone knows has never been a popular strike. And if Roger Blough hasn't been warmly cooperative—well, he isn't a member of the union, so why should he have been expected to behave like one?

No, the explanation goes deeper, and amounts to this: trade unionism in America has ceased being a movement-toward-a-better-world and has become an institution of this world. Such a change of life takes some adjusting to. The blue-collar industrial worker now amounts to only thirty-seven per cent of the labor force. By 1970, he will represent only thirty-one per cent. True, not all blue-collar workers are as yet organized, and it is conceivable that with great effort and expense the present figure for union membership — seventeen million — may be enlarged. But not by much. Most of the potential members are in small shops, or in areas of the nation (like the South) where trade unionism has made little headway hitherto. And even the most ardent union leader must realize by now that the new majority of white-collar workers —the service employees, the technicians, the salesmen, the computing-machine operators, the stenographers and office workers—are simply not available.

Trade unions certainly have a secure place in American life, one that is both significant and powerful. But far from being agents for the remaking of society, they are an integral part of the economic, social, and po-

EQUINOX

This was the season of furious
women, dangerous, mean
bundles of wind—Gracie, Hannah,
Irene—the blowing queens
with the calm interior eyes and the wild skirts
squalling across the seas as they bore down
on target shores; ardent and vicious,
screaming over the reefs, irresistible
in streaming strands of rain, ravishing trees,
tearing the trivial casings off of men
and rolling them in the mud; leaving their world
wet ruin. Hannah, Irene,
Gracie, the mighty bitches of sea and air
with the cozy names, the mean
dangerous bundles of wind, the wild
Weather Queens!

—SEC

THE REPORTER, October 15, 1959, Volume 21, No. 6. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1959 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: one year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Home subscription to grand opera" now possible through

The RCA VICTOR Metropolitan Opera Record Club

UNDER THE ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTION OF THE Book-of-the-Month Club

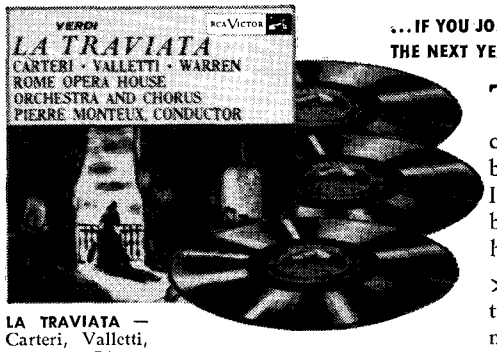
AN INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Any one of these **complete** operas

REGULAR RETAIL PRICES UP TO $14.98

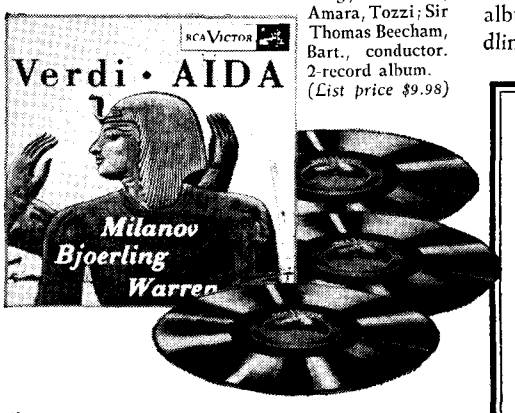
Given to You

CARMEN – Stevens, Peerce, Albanese, Merrill; Fritz Reiner, conductor. Robert Shaw Chorale. 3-record album. *(List price $14.98)*



LA TRAVIATA – Carteri, Valletti, Warren; Pierre Monteux, conductor. 3-record album. *(List price $14.98)*

LA BOHÈME – De los Angeles, Bjoerling, Merrill, Amara, Tozzi; Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conductor. 2-record album. *(List price $9.98)*



AÏDA – Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren, Barbieri; Jonel Perlea, conductor. 3-record album. *(List price $14.98)*

...IF YOU JOIN THE CLUB NOW, AGREEING TO BUY FOUR RECORDS OF YOUR CHOICE WITHIN THE NEXT YEAR—EACH DISC IN ANY MULTI-RECORD ALBUM COUNTING AS ONE PURCHASE

THE exciting ultimate objective is to make available a *comprehensive library of grand opera* similar to the collections of the world's great books to be found in the best homes. The complete "living" repertory of opera—Italian, German, French, Russian, American—will in time be provided. Each member can choose the recordings he is eager to own—as few as four a year if he so pleases.

✶ In addition to recordings of Metropolitan productions, operas recorded abroad by RCA VICTOR will be made available to members, with Metropolitan artists in the cast. The recordings will be available, in almost all cases, *in both complete and abridged form*, as desired.

✶ As a member you will enjoy a **ONE-THIRD SAVING** compared with what you would pay for the same records if you bought them separately and haphazardly as a non-member at the manufacturer's nationally advertised prices. For, after the trial period, for every two records you buy you will receive **A FREE RECORD.** These free records may be chosen from a Record-Dividend catalog listing a wide variety of RCA VICTOR Red Seal operatic and classical albums.

✶ Albums are sold to members at the nationally advertised price of all RCA VICTOR Red Seal records—currently $4.98 for a single-record album, $9.98 for a two-record album, etc. (plus a small charge for postage and handling, with use/sales tax where required).

CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE SINGERS IN THEIR MOST FAMOUS ROLES

LICIA ALBANESE	ROBERT MERRILL
LUCINE AMARA	ZINKA MILANOV
SALVATORE BACCALONI	PATRICE MUNSEL
FEDORA BARBIERI	JAN PEERCE
JUSSI BJOERLING	ROBERTA PETERS
FERNANDO CORENA	LEONIE RYSANEK
MARY CURTIS-VERNA	MARTIAL SINGHER
LISA DELLA CASA	ELEANOR STEBER
MARIO DEL MONACO	RISË STEVENS
VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES	RENATA TEBALDI
GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO	BLANCHE THEBOM
ROSALIND ELIAS	GIORGIO TOZZI
NICOLAI GEDDA	THEODOR UPPMAN
MARGARET HARSHAW	CESARE VALLETTI
DOROTHY KIRSTEN	LEONARD WARREN
HEIDI KRALL	
GEORGE LONDON	

A libretto included with each opera

The RCA VICTOR Metropolitan Opera Record Club
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

J14-10

AS MY FREE ALBUM PLEASE SEND ME

☐ **CARMEN** (complete on three 12-inch records)
☐ **AÏDA** (complete on three 12-inch records)
☐ **LA BOHÈME** (complete on two 12-inch records)
☐ **LA TRAVIATA** (complete on three 12-inch records)

Please enroll me as a member of THE RCA VICTOR METROPOLITAN OPERA RECORD CLUB and send me a recording of the complete opera indicated at right, without charge. I agree to buy four twelve-inch discs* from the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price (plus a small charge for postage and handling, with use/sales tax where required). I may cancel my membership any time after buying the fourth record. If I continue, for every two records I buy from the Club I will receive a third record *free*. If I wish to, however, I may cancel this Trial Membership within ten days, in which case I will return the free album.

*Each disc in a multi-record album counts as one purchase.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* .....

State .....

PLEASE NOTE: Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped *duty free* from Ontario.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

produced for connoisseurs...
priced for everyone...

$1.98 12" LP's Monophonic

$2.98 12" LP's Stereo

Tchaikovsky: NUTCRACKER SUITE; SERENADE FOR STRINGS. *Symphony Orchestra of The Belgian National Radio – Franz André.*
Mon: TC8001 Stereo: TCS18001

Respighi: THE PINES OF ROME; THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME. *Symphony Orchestra of The Belgian National Radio – Franz André.*
Mon: TC8002 Stereo: TCS18002

Delibes: SYLVIA AND COPPÉLIA – *Orchestral Suites. Symphony Orchestra of The Belgian National Radio – Franz André.* Stereo: TCS18006

Dvořák: SLAVONIC DANCES. *Op. 46: Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 8; Op. 72: Nos. 1, 2, 4, 7, 8. Bamberg Symphony Orchestra – Joseph Keilberth.*
Stereo: TCS18015

MARCH TIME IN GERMANY. *Old Comrades, Glory Of Prussia, Radetzky March, Regimental March, Hoch – und Deutschmeister, His Majesty's Guard, Hoch Heidecksburg, Bavarian Parade March, Liedermarsch, The Rifleman.* Band Of The Berlin Guard.
Mon: TP2508

WALTZES OF JOHANN STRAUSS. *Artist's Life, The Blue Danube, Emperor Waltz, Wine, Women and Song.* Bamberg Symphony Orchestra – Joseph Keilberth.
Mon: TC8018 Stereo: TCS18018

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 3 (Eroica). *Hamburg State Philharmonic Orchestra – Joseph Keilberth.*
Stereo: TCS18003

Wagner: LOHENGRIN; DIE MEISTERSINGER – *Preludes to Acts 1 and 3.* Hamburg State Philharmonic Orchestra – Joseph Keilberth.
Mon: TC8019 Stereo: TCS18019

POLKA AND WALTZ TIME IN BOHEMIA. *The Winning Band, Moonlight On The Eger, Only One Half Hour, Oderfurter Promenade, Hartenberger Polka, In The Heart, Homeland Greetings, Sweetheart, Apron Waltz, The Village Blacksmith.* Ernst Mosch and His Bohemian Band.
Mon: TP2511

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 5. *Hamburg State Philharmonic Orchestra – Joseph Keilberth.*
Stereo: TCS18005

TELE FUN KEN

For complete catalog of Popular and Classical records write to:

TELEFUNKEN RECORDS *A division of London Records, Inc.*
Dept. NX 140 West 22nd St., N. Y. 11, N. Y.

You Can Outdo Saint Nick Himself

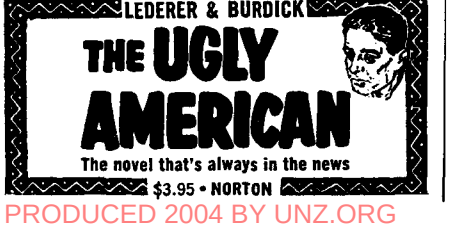
(see page 45)

LAW of WILLS $1

EASY TO READ. Shows how and why you should make a will; protect your Capital, and Estate, 96 p. book by Attny. Parnell Callahan. $1. No C.O.D.

Law of Investors, Landlord & Tenant, Social Security, Business Law. $1 each. Free Catalog of 46 Law Books

NR1 OCEANA BOOKS, 80 Fourth Ave., New York 3



litical establishment. They not only have power, they have a great deal of money at their disposal. Only recently Harry A. Van Arsdale, Jr., president of the New York City Central Labor Council, announced that his organization is contemplating the setting up of a comprehensive medical-insurance system and even a labor-sponsored medical school. No matter how and when such a project becomes a reality, it represents a trend. Labor is no longer totally absorbed in the bettering of working conditions, nor can it have any longer the illusion that its destiny is to change society. Its task is to reform and improve *its* society.

For the older generation of trade unionists who gathered at San Francisco, such a transformation is not easy to cope with. It will take some time yet, and some fresh trade-union eyes, to see what the positive and enduring role of American labor can be.

The Uses of Defeat

Mr. Khrushchev had the good grace —as well as the good sense—to go home before the World Series started. Big as the country is, one national spectacle at a time is all we can accommodate. The only way our visitor could have kept in the spotlight would have been to get himself hit by a foul ball.

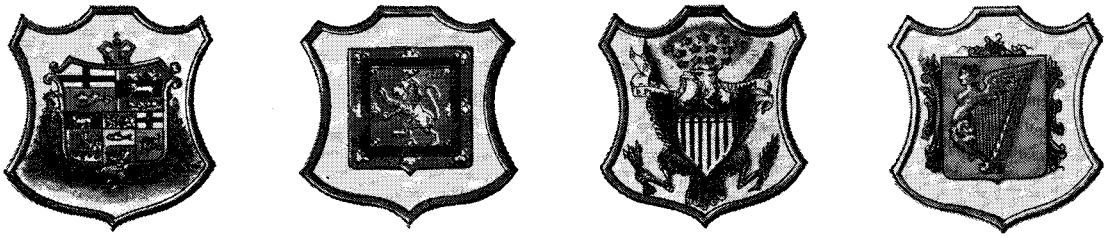
The strategy of the squeeze play might have appealed to Mr. Khrushchev, but it seems unlikely that Ambassador Lodge could have explained the peculiar fascination this elaborately contrived homemade game of baseball holds for the American people—the immense possibilities that are left open to each individual player's luck and skill within the over-all demands of collective effort, the constructive fervor of workers' study groups in the bleachers as they constantly strive to improve the productivity of manager and batboy alike, and the triumphant satisfaction of the masses when an apparently irreversible trend of history gets the cover knocked off it in the last of the ninth.

A World Series is, of course, a kind of summit conference after the necessary interallied negotiations have been completed, and any for-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Open Letter to the Whiskey Distillers of Canada, Scotland and the U.S.A.

PROPOSING:
AN INTERNATIONAL WHISKEY FESTIVAL



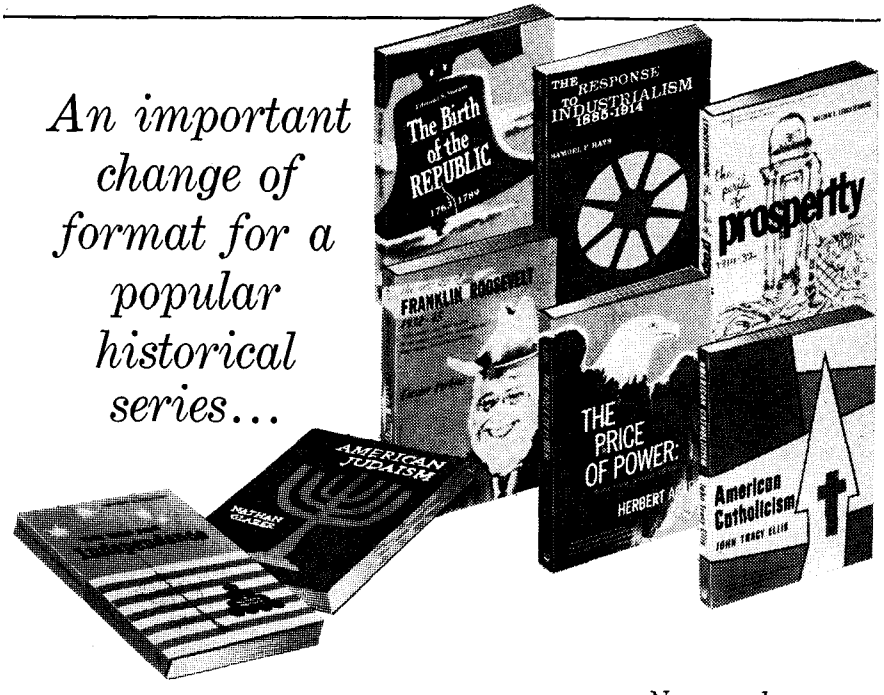
[VOL. II Nº X]

There are international conferences, congresses, and conclaves — oh, they are like the sands of the sea — for most of man's endeavours, enjoyments, and art forms; except whiskey. And we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have often wondered why. ❧ Why indeed? It cannot be said that the whiskey nations — Canada, Scotland, the United States, and ourselves — are little given to conventions and festive gatherings; the facts are to the contrary. Moreover, the world's whiskeys are a subject of intense and scholarly interest to the makers as well as the drinkers; though to be sure the makers are drinkers too. ❧ Why, then, should those the world over who relish and admire fine whiskey not meet in congenial concourse to taste, compare, discuss, and rejoice? Yes, and it would be salutary for those who make whiskey to confer with their opposite numbers from abroad. ❧ To this end we propose an International Whiskey Festival to be held annually, turn and turn about, at [let us say] Dublin, Louisville, Edinburgh, and Toronto. We offer, and hope you will accept, Dublin's hospitality the first year. Shall we set a tentative target date of October, 1960? It will at least give us a chronological basis for discussion. ❧ We invite correspondence and opinion on this matter from whiskey fanciers throughout the world as well as from our fellow distillers in the four countries.

© 1959, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND, BOX F186R, DUBLIN (*Air Mail 15c; Ship 8c; Post Cards 5c*)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY OF Chicago PRESS



An important change of format for a popular historical series...

CHICAGO HISTORY OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

edited by Daniel J. Boorstin

The *Chicago History of American Civilization* series is being published in new, smartly designed, exceptionally readable paper editions. The complete series will ultimately comprise over 50 volumes. Future CHAC books will be published at first only in hard covers, but will, as they establish themselves, appear in the attractive new paper format.

Each volume is prepared by a specialist who, in the editor's words, "will see the past as personal and full of meaning – not as a chronology to be outlined, but as experience to be interpreted."

Now ready

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC: 1763-89
Edmund S. Morgan

THE RESPONSE TO INDUSTRIALISM: 1885-1914
Samuel P. Hays

THE PERILS OF PROSPERITY: 1914-32
William E. Leuchtenburg

THE NEW AGE OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT: 1932-45
Dexter Perkins

THE PRICE OF POWER:
AMERICA SINCE 1945
Herbert Agar

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM
John Tracy Ellis

AMERICAN JUDAISM
Nathan Glazer

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE
A MILITARY HISTORY
Howard H. Peckham

$1.75 each

Through your bookseller
UNIVERSITY OF Chicago PRESS 5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois
IN CANADA: *The University of Toronto Press, Toronto 5, Ontario*

eigner would be sure to misinterpret the animosity engendered by those lower-level proceedings. For us, we confess, the downfall of the mighty Yankees produced a feeling of dismay that can only be compared with our reaction to the news of the first Soviet Sputnik. Oh, it's a fine thing for backward areas to develop their resources and reap the benefits of modern technology. We're all for the underdogs, but frankly we've never thought much of the idea that the overdogs should be buried just because they've been the strongest and best team in the alliance for a decade or so. Is there anything wrong with success? Isn't it what everybody wants and admires?

The blunt fact is that the Yankees got a little too sure of themselves and let themselves go soft. But Yankee fans are not downhearted. There's always another game and another season. In baseball, as in a few other games that Mr. Khrushchev may be more familiar with, you're never finally buried until you lie down and quit.

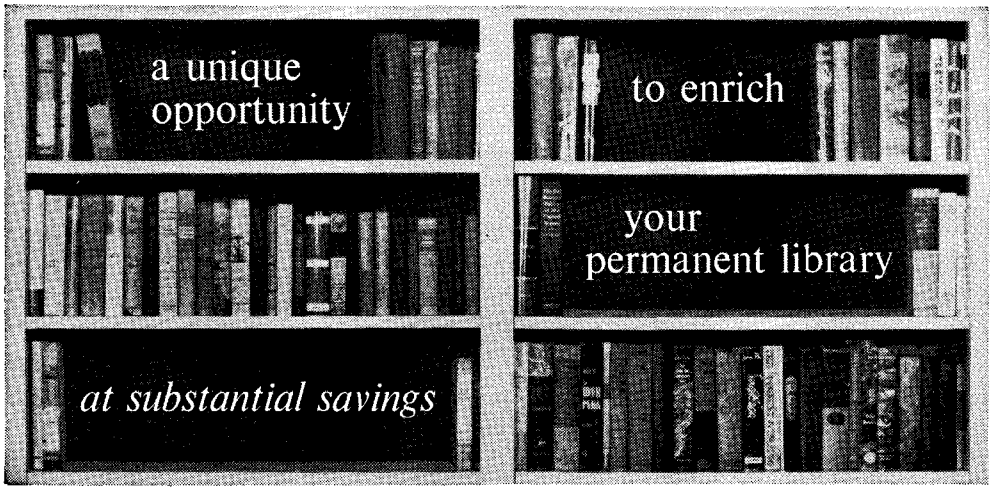
In Superfluous Battle

The current dispute within the United Nations as to whether Poland or Turkey should be elected to one of the two-year seats on the Security Council is only the latest episode in what has become a tedious tug of war. It is really time to call this silly game to a halt.

The problem goes back to London in 1946, when the great powers concluded a "gentlemen's agreement" that one of the six elective seats on the Security Council should go to "Eastern Europe"—by which was meant one of the minor powers within the Soviet sphere of influence or one of the federated Soviet Republics. The wisdom of making a gentleman's agreement with non-gentlemen can, of course, be questioned. But then, the worst thing a gentleman can do is to be the first to act in an ungentlemanly fashion.

Not much time passed before the U.S. delegation began having second thoughts. Finally, in 1951 it announced that whatever agreement there had been, applied only to the first election. Ever since, the arm-twisting and debating have gone on. Everyone is thoroughly bored

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOR MORE than a decade, The Readers' Subscription has set before people of discriminating tastes the choicest fare in books and literary recordings — always at welcome savings. By joining now, you may enrich your permanent library with any of the 23 current Selections listed here—and receive, free, one of the three distinguished sets pictured below as a Membership Gift. As a member, you also receive a free subscription to our monthly magazine of criticism, *The Griffin*, featuring articles on the current intellectual scene by such discerning writers as Alfred Kazin, Horace Gregory, William Barrett, Mark Schorer and Arnold Toynbee. You need take only 4 more Selections during the next 12 months from the more than 60 available at reduced Member's Prices, and you choose a free bonus book or record after every fourth Selection you take.

23 enduring works of the past and present, currently available to members of The Readers' Subscription

SIR JAMES G. FRAZER'S *NEW* GOLDEN BOUGH. One-volume abridgment, *ed. by* **Theodor H. Gaster.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.95**

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MONTAIGNE. Essays, travel journals, letters.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $12.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$8.50**

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: FLOWERS OF EVIL. *Translated by* **Richard Wilbur, Karl Shapiro, Aldous Huxley, Roy Campbell,** others.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.95**

KIERKEGAARD: CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT. The first English translation.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.95**

D. H. LAWRENCE: LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. Unexpurgated hardcover edition.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.95**

GEORGE SARTON'S first volume of **A HISTORY OF SCIENCE.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $11.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$6.95**

MARCEL PROUST: ON ART AND LITERATURE.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.50**

WITCHCRAFT IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND, *by* **George Lyman Kittredge.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.50**

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HENRY JAMES.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.75**

ROBERT FROST READS HIS POETRY. 33⅓ rpm (long-playing) Caedmon record.
LIST PRICE $5.95
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.50**

AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES. *Edited by* **O. Lawson Dick.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.95
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.50**

EXISTENCE: A New Dimension in Psychiatry & Psychology. *Edited by* **Rollo May and others.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.75**

DISCOVERY OF THE MIND. By the great German classicist, Bruno Snell.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.50**

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: LOLITA.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.25**

SAMUEL BECKETT: ENDGAME. Complete text and 33⅓ rpm (long-playing) 2-record album.
LIST PRICE $11.95
MEMBER'S PRICE **$7.95**

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Sidney, Spenser, Hooker and others.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.95**

SCHOPENHAUER'S unabridged WORLD AS WILL & REPRESENTATION. Two volumes, boxed.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $17.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$7.95**

COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Second Edition, with his own final revisions.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.95**

COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. *Miss Lonelyhearts, Day of the Locust,* others.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.00
MEMBER'S PRICE **$3.95**

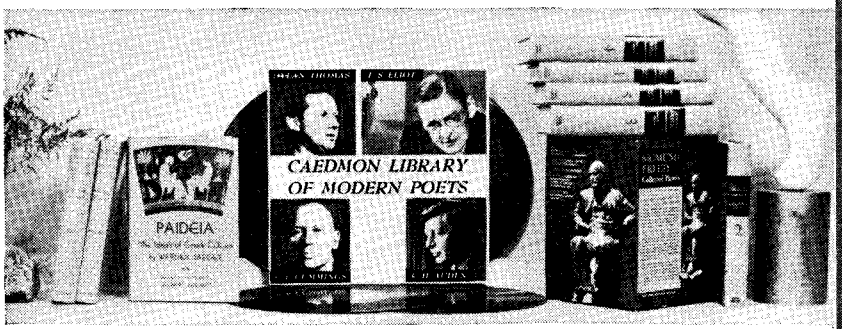
GERTRUDE STEIN READS FROM HER WORKS. 33⅓ rpm (long-playing) Caedmon record.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.95
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.50**

SIGMUND FREUD: INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS. First complete English translation.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.50**

E. E. CUMMINGS' POEMS. 598 poems written between 1923 and 1954.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.75
MEMBER'S PRICE **$4.85**

JAMES JOYCE: FINNEGANS WAKE.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50
MEMBER'S PRICE **$5.25**

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE TITLES LISTED ABOVE
and receive FREE your choice of one of these valuable sets



PAIDEIA: The Ideals of Greek Culture, *by* **Werner Jaeger.** No other work provides as keen an appreciation of the rich heritage of ancient Greek culture as this panoramic re-creation, by the noted Harvard scholar, of five centuries of Hellenistic civilization. 3 volumes, 1376 pages.
LIST PRICE **$19.50**

CAEDMON LIBRARY OF MODERN POETS. W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas. From Eliot's clipped precision to Thomas' grand sonorities—this quartet of long-playing (33⅓ rpm) records presents four of the greatest 20th century poets reading their own works. LIST PRICE **$23.80**

COLLECTED PAPERS OF SIGMUND FREUD. *Edited by* **Anna Freud, Ernest Jones, James Strachey.** 2274 pages; five volumes, boxed. Published for the first time in the U.S.— Freud's writings on literature, art, mythology, dreams, techniques of psychoanalysis, etc.
LIST PRICE **$25.00**

WHICH SET may we send you FREE?

The Readers' Subscription, Dept. R-49
59 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me at once the Gift Set and first Selection indicated below. Bill me for the first Selection at the reduced Member's Price, plus postage. I will receive *The Griffin* free each month. I need take as few as 4 more Selections during the next 12 months, and will receive a free bonus book or record of my choice after every 4 Selections.

MEMBERSHIP GIFT_____

FIRST SELECTION_____

ADDITIONAL SELECTION DESIRED_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's taking world-wide care of you?

What happens to you in a foreign country *after you get there?*

Ask any BOAC passenger who has been to Rome or Karachi or Bangkok or Hong Kong! In foreign-language countries especially, you will be glad to feel you are "care BOAC."

The right hotel to be comfortable in...the better rooms and rates...the nicer places in town to dine... the really interesting things to see and do... *BOAC has all these arranged for you by its own local, on-the-spot staff,* all along your tour-route!

Instance. You're on BOAC's "Pacific Circle" Tour (50 days, price $2,918 from New York including Tourist Airfare) you fly from Jakarta to Singapore and thence to Johore to visit the Palace of the Sultan. Every detail of your tour is planned to make you feel *for year's after* "BOAC took wonderful care of me... in the air and on the ground."

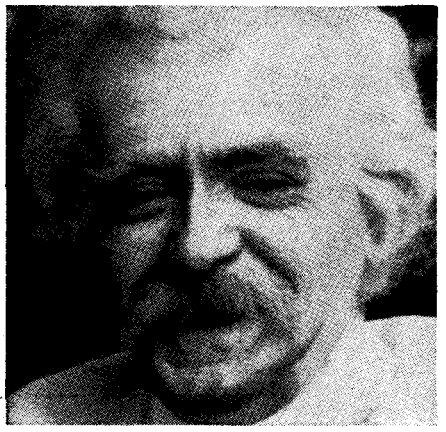
Book BOAC at your Travel Agent. Fly around the world "care BOAC"...in pure jet Comet 4's and jet-plus-prop Britannias.

B·O·A·C BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y., Dept. R-R

Send literature on Round the World/Pacific Tours. I am interested in:—
☐ *Escorted Tours* ☐ *Independent Tours* ☐ *Bachelor Party Tours*

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

"MARK TWAIN TONIGHT" — OR ANY NIGHT



Hear Hal Holbrook's flawless recreation of an evening with one of America's greatest humorists. Mr. Holbrook brings to these hilarious readings the Mississippi twang, "the cracked voice, the dry chuckle." When you hear this recording of his one man show (now on a 75-city tour) you'll probably wonder if you aren't *really* listening to Mark Twain tonight.

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT — HAL HOLBROOK
OL 5440 $4.98 OS 2019 (stereo) $5.98

EXCLUSIVELY ON REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY AND STEREO RECORDS BY
COLUMBIA
®"Columbia" ℗ Marcas Reg. A division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.
Prices suggested list.

FROM THE
Morgenthau Diaries
★
Years of Crisis, 1928 - 1938
by John Morton Blum

"Secretary Morgenthau . . . has rendered one more distinguished public service in presenting the essence of his papers . . . in a lucid analytical narrative. Those looking for the meaning of the New Deal will be richly rewarded in these fresh and vitally significant pages." *New York Times*

With a Preface by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

At all bookstores. $7.50 Houghton Mifflin Co.

with this routine contention by now, but the United States continues to stand firm as a rock. To date, we have regularly managed to get the necessary two-thirds vote in the Assembly. Now, with Poland a candidate that has considerable appeal to the Asian-African bloc and even to some of our Latin-American allies, the deadlock seems unbreakable.

There is, to the naked eye, no good explanation for American obstinacy on this matter. There was an agreement, after all; and our sudden discovery after the event that it didn't mean what it seemed to mean is most unconvincing. We have so many good reasons for quarreling with the Russians that it makes little sense to contrive a quarrel over a poor one. We have accepted a 5-to-5 parity with the Communist countries on the disarmament committee. Even Albania—yes, Albania!—is a member. Why this sterile struggle to prevent the Communist bloc from having another Security Council seat? Russia already has its permanent seat—and has never been reluctant about using the veto power that goes with it. The rest is ornament.

These Things Were Said

¶ Moon Shot: Sober examination of the discussion about the Soviet shot to the moon has by this time produced some reactions which Washington scientific authorities have exclusively given to Human Events . . . it confirms frequent warnings in Human Events that Soviet science and technology progress is not to be despised.—*Human Events.*

¶ Sir James Robertson, questioned by reporters at London Airport on his arrival from Lagos, referred to France's proposed atom bomb tests in the Sahara and was quoted as having said: "The African people are very frightened about the bomb and do not quite know what it means. It has been explained that the explosion would occur many hundreds of miles away from them, but this does not go down with a comparatively ignorant people."—*Report in the London Times.*

¶ "The Democratic Party is the party of the common people in all walks of life."—*John Wiethe, Democratic chairman, Hamilton County (Ohio).*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON BEHALF OF THREE DISTINGUISHED CRITICS

Lionel Trilling

Jacques Barzun

W. H. Auden

RESERVATION

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY 26
107 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of *The Mid-Century Book Society*. Enter my FREE subscription to THE MID-CENTURY magazine and send me my FREE book (chosen from the list below) together with my first selection (also chosen from the list below). I need select only three other books during the coming year, for which I will receive another free selection, and will be under no further obligation.

MY FREE BOOK_____
(DUAL SELECTION COUNTS AS ONE BOOK)
MY FIRST SELECTION_____

NAME_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Please bill me ☐ My check is enclosed. (*Mid-Century* will pay the postage.)

MAY WE OFFER YOU THESE BOOKS **FREE**

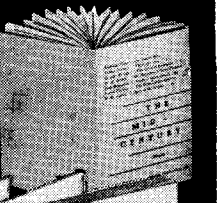
JUSTINE and BALTHAZAR
by Lawrence Durrell
an investigation of modern love

In THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, Gerald Sykes announced that JUSTINE "is the best new work of fiction I have read in some years***A book that demands comparison with the very best books of our century. Mr. Durrell has become a truly important writer."

LAWRENCE DURRELL selected the epigraph for JUSTINE from the Letters of Freud: "I am accustoming myself to the idea of regarding every sexual act as a process in which four persons are involved. We shall have a lot to discuss about that."

You may have a FREE copy of both JUSTINE and its sequel, BALTHAZAR (a dual selection) — or you may have any other **Mid-Century** selection FREE simply by sending in the reservation above.

plus a FREE subscription to THE MID-CENTURY, the most talked-about new literary publication in many years.



9 Reasons Why THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY Is The Fastest Growing New Book Service In The Country

1 Three distinguished editors—Lionel Trilling, W. H. Auden and Jacques Barzun — recommend, from among the 12,000 books published each year, only those books they deem important enough to add to their own libraries. This screening ensures that you will not waste time reading second-rate books, which may be popular for the moment but which have no lasting value.

2 The editors communicate with you each month by means of a handsome new publication called THE MID-CENTURY, which is full of delightfully controversial articles, news about books, and decidedly candid descriptions of the Society's book offerings. There has been unanimous praise in the publishing industry for "the splendid achievement" of THE MID-CENTURY, which is free, but is available only to members.

3 Your dollar can be worth $2 or more when you buy your books wisely through *Mid-Century*. Free books and low member's prices mean that you can save, overall, up to half — or more — of the retail cost.

4 As a new member, you may choose any two selections listed at the right and pay for only one. You need select only three more books in the next year *to get a second FREE book*, and you have no further obligation. For every four books you select thereafter, you will receive a fifth selection FREE.

5 Your one membership also entitles you to select fine arts books, important recordings (some of them collectors' items), and the finest books for children. All these are also available at low member's prices and book dividend credit is given for their purchase.

6 *Mid-Century* books are identical with the publishers' editions which are sold at retail for much higher prices.

7 Some of the best books offered by *Mid-Century are not available elsewhere at any price.*

8 Your charge account is welcome. You need send no payment now.

9 You are invited to compare the courteous and sensible procedures of *Mid-Century* with those of any other book club of which you have once been a member and be surprised at the difference!

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY

Courteous Service

The Finest Books at Great Savings

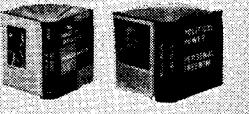
Choose Any 2 Selections-Pay For Only 1

MYTHOLOGIES by W. B. Yeats—Tales of the uncanny and the supernatural by the most highly regarded poet of his time. Retail $5.00. Member's price $4.25.

THE SIEGE AT PEKING by Peter Fleming — A rare and accomplished example of the classic writing of history, "a brilliant reconstruction of the strangest siege in history" —N.Y.Times. Retail $4.00. Member's price $3.25.

OSCAR WILDE by Frank Harris (George Bernard Shaw contributes an appendix) — Now available for the first time in 30 years, this book was described by H. L. Mencken as "the best biography done by an American." Fascinating trial scenes, remarkable candor. Retail $7.00. Member's price $4.95.

AGEE ON FILM — Pulitzer Prize-winning James Agee, author of A Death in the Family, was the best movie critic this country ever had. Reading AGEE ON FILM is more fun than going to the movies. Illustrated with memorable pictures. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.50.



THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT by Jacques Barzun — How intellect, the prime force in Western civilization, is being destroyed by our culture in the name of art, science, and philanthropy. A national best-seller. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.

POLITICAL POWER AND PERSONAL FREEDOM by Sidney Hook — Critical studies of Democracy, Communism, and Civil Rights. "Reading this book is as instructive as it is enjoyable." —N.Y.Times. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

THREE PLAYS BY JOHN OSBORNE — Look Back in Anger, The Entertainer, Epitaph for George Dillon. Retail $8.25. Special **Mid-Century** edition $4.95.

THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY by Robert Graves — "My novel is full of sex, drink, incest, suicides, dope, horse racing, murder, a scandalous legal procedure, and ends with a good public hanging attended by 30,000*** Nobody can now call me a specialized writer." Retail $4.50. Member's price $2.95.

THE AGES OF MAN by William Shakespeare (Special **Mid-Century** edition) $4.95.
THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION edited by Edmund Wilson Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.50.
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.95.
MEMOIRS OF A RENAISSANCE POPE Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.95.
THE SEESAW LOG by William Gibson Retail $3.95. Member's price $3.25.
TWO GENTLE MEN by Marchette Chute Retail $5.00. Member's price $4.25.
AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.
JUSTINE and BALTHAZAR (dual selection) Retail $7.00. Member's price for both books $5.25.
CECILE by Benjamin Constant — A little masterpiece thought lost for over a century, it is "the delicate tragedy of the lady pursuing the gentleman." —The New Yorker. Retail $2.50. Member's price $1.95.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HALF PRICE

for a trial subscription that brings the world's foremost writers in every field into your home

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Robert Frost
Agnes de Mille
Ernest Hemingway
Sumner H. Slichter
James Thurber
Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.
Senator John F. Kennedy
Edith Sitwell
Catherine Drinker Bowen
John P. Marquand
Arthur H. Compton
Phyllis McGinley
Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Edward Crankshaw
Dr. Carl G. Jung
Angus Wilson
Leonard Bernstein
and many others

For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" America's most distinctive magazine, presenting the world's best writers, greatest thinkers and doers! You can join the thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers who enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere. See for yourself how much genuine reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue—by taking advantage of this spectacular half price offer: 8-12-18-or 24 issues at half the regular price!

(Usual subscription, $7.50 a year)

This offer good for 20 days only!

SEND NO MONEY
Mail this coupon today

OFFER GOOD FOR 20 DAYS ONLY
THE ATLANTIC, Dept. Z-73
8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please enter my half-price trial subscription to The ATLANTIC for the length of time I have indicated and bill me later.

☐ 8 months for $2.50 ☐ 18 months for $5.65
☐ 12 months for $3.75 ☐ 24 months for $7.50

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SILENT CHURCH

To the Editors: George Bailey's article "East Germany's War to the Death Between Church and State" (*The Reporter*, September 17) is particularly interesting to me because I was in Berlin this summer, in the interest of the work of my own church, and had the opportunity of a long interview with Bishop Otto Dibelius of the East German Evangelical Church. In addition, I had numerous contacts with the U.S. military chaplains and had in my possession the work that Chaplain Briley did in developing an analysis of the atheistic rituals that the East German government is perpetrating on the people.

Mr. Bailey has stated the issue well and has called attention to the seriousness of the situation that prevails in East Germany.

Bishop Reuben H. Mueller
President, Board of Bishops
Evangelical United Brethren Church
Indianapolis

MONEY AND POWER

To the Editors: Congratulations to *The Reporter* and to David T. Bazelon for his splendid article in the September 17 issue ("Fads and Fictions of U.S. Capitalism"). Mr. Bazelon has combined his work and thought as a lawyer and economist to rise above the inhibitions of conventionalized and specialized discipline, and thus to make a very important contribution, and in some respects an original contribution, to why our economy behaves as it does, and where we must look if we want it to behave still better.

I hope that Mr. Bazelon will carry his exploration further, and soon, through additional articles in *The Reporter*. His first article reveals that he has a lot to contribute which could not be said at once and in short space. If he is encouraged to expand sufficiently on the start that he has made, we may get something as useful for the 1950's as the work of Berle and Means was a quarter century ago.

Leon H. Keyserling
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Though he levels the charge at his readers, David Bazelon is himself guilty of "mythical thinking about money, property, and basic economic organization." "The corporation executives," he says, "are not accumulators. They don't build financial empires any longer—the estate and income tax laws, and the corporate bureaucratic organization of wealth have seen to that."

If ever it had any validity, that notion of Bazelon's passed into mythology as far back as 1950 (though it is still insistently propagated by the editorialists and the boys on Madison Avenue), when Congress amended the tax laws so as to make it possible for corporation executives to make fruitful use of the capital-gains tax gimmick as it applies to the various stock-option schemes from which so many of them benefit.

Ernest Breech, vice-president of the Ford Motor Company, for example, would have to be paid a salary of about $5 million a year to clear as much as he now figures to gain annually from his participation in the Ford Motor Company's stock-option plan. The Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, in a recently published study of the stock-option plans, has shown that between 1953 and May of 1959, Mr. Breech, over and above salary and expenses, had an average annual take of $508,846 *after taxes!*

Fewer than two hundred Ford Motor executives, according to the IUD, now share in claims upon a potential profit from stock options of about $109 million—all of which will be subject to a tax of only twenty-five per cent.

And the Ford Motor Company is not alone in treating its executives so generously. More than half of the 1,077 companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange have instituted similar plans.

Under one such, U.S. Steel's Roger Blough, stalwart leader in the people's fight against inflation, stands to gain nearly $2 million net. Ralph Cordiner of General Electric, it is figured, has gained about $2.5 million; C. G. Mortimer of General Foods, $1.6 million. And so on—far into the night.

Perhaps the most widely accepted myth about our economic order is the one to which Mr. Bazelon has now given further currency. However the income-tax schedules may read, fifty per cent is just about the highest effective income-tax rate. Only the "suckers" in the low and middle income groups pay the scheduled rates, as shown.

For 1956, the last year for which I have seen the record, 268 taxpayers reported annual incomes of more than $1 million. Among this group, the average income reported was $2,963,410; the average tax, $1,075,500; and the average *after-tax* income, $1,887,910!

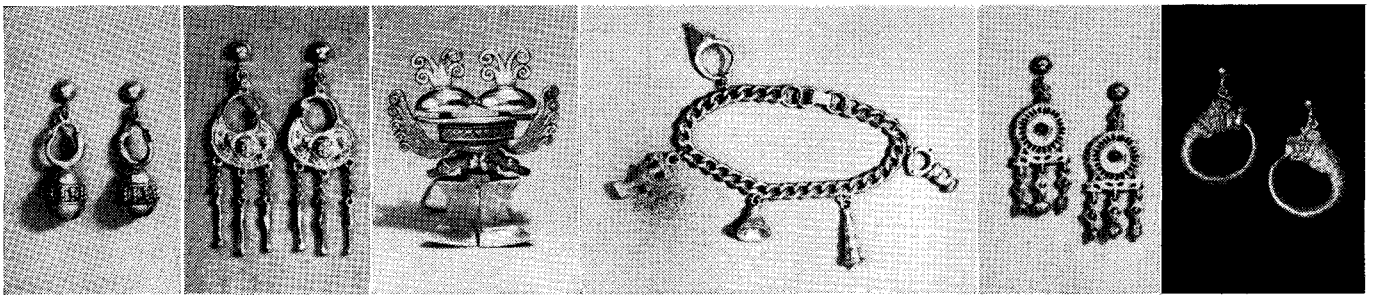
If a man can't become a millionaire at those prices, it must be because he's a big spender, don't you think?

Brendan Sexton
Director of Education
International Union, UAW
Detroit

OUR SURPLUS FOOD

To the Editors: While Karl E. Meyer, in his "Too Much Food in a Starving World" (*The Reporter*, September 17), states the case for food-surplus disposal

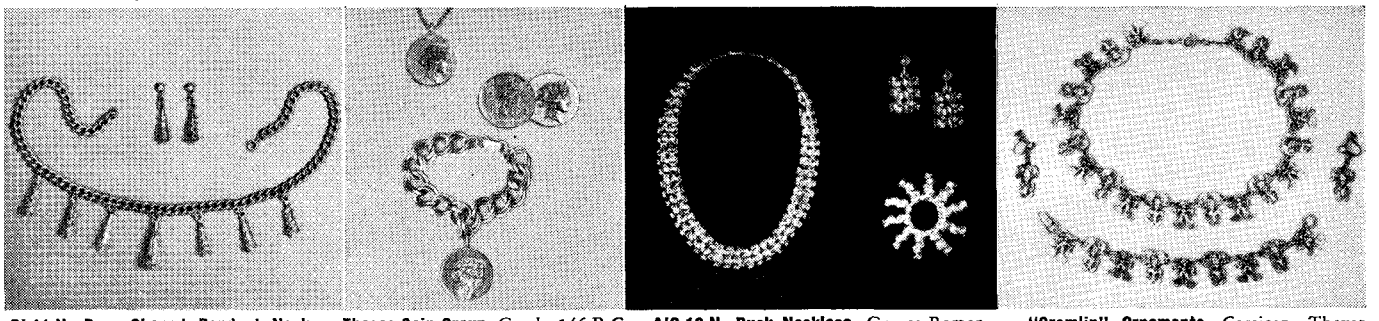
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PI-2-ES. "Ur" Earrings. Palestine. 1800-1600 B.C. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$4.75**
PI-4-ES. Cupid's Head Earrings. c. 100 B.C.-100 A.D. Trans-Jordan. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$5.50**

CL-2-P. Bell Top Ornament Pin. Colombia. c. 900-1500 A.D. Cleveland Museum of Art. Gold plated. **$3.75**
PI-12-B. Charm Bracelet. Palestine. Includes symbolic bull's head, drop-shape, bell, amphora and pyramid ornaments. **$10.00**

PI-6-ES. Sun Disk Earrings. Roman. c. 100-300 A.D. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$5.50**
AIC-8-EC. Rams Head Ear Clips. Greek 3rd Cent. B.C. Art Inst. of Chicago. Gold plated. **$4.75.** Also **AIC-10-CL** cufflinks. **$4.75.**

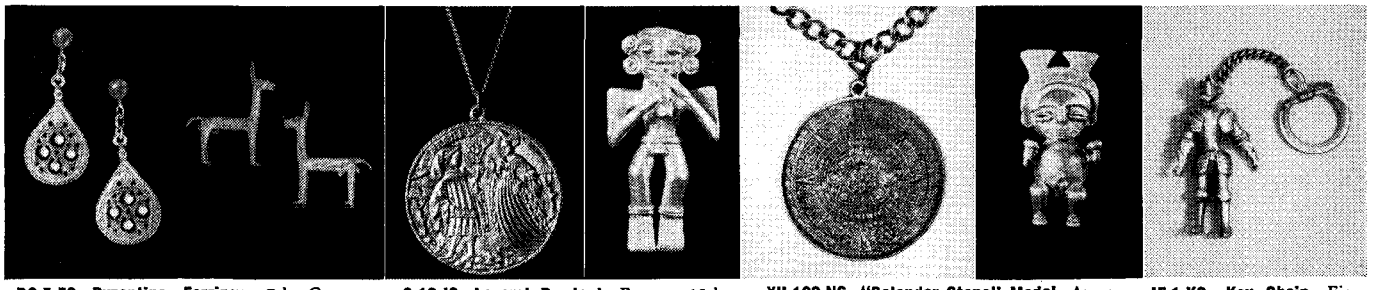


PI-11-N. Drop Shaped Pendant Necklace. Roman. c. 200-100 B.C. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$12.50.** Also **PI-11-ES** earrings. **$3.75**

Thasos Coin Group. Greek. 146 B.C. British Museum, London. Gold plated. **BR-100-P** pin **$3.00. BR-100-B** bracelet **$3.50. BR-100-N** necklace **$3.50**

AIC-13-N. Duck Necklace. Graeco-Roman, 3rd Century A.D. Art Institute of Chicago. Gold plated. **$12.50.** Also **AIC-13-B** Duck Bracelet **$7.50. AIC-13-ES** Duck Earrings **$3.75. AIC-13-RP** Sunburst Pin **$3.50**

"Gremlin" Ornaments. Corsican. Thayer Collection, Boston. Silver plated. **ST-50/51-N** necklace **$10.00.** Also **ST-50/51-B** bracelet **$5.00. ST-50/51-ES** earrings **$2.50**



DO-5-ES Byzantine Earrings. 7th Century A.D. Dumbarton Oaks Library. Gold plated. **$4.75**
NH-65-P. Silver Llama Pins. Peru. 1200-1532 A.D. Museum of Natural History. Silver plated. **$5.50 pair.**

C-12-JS. Lovers' Pendant. France. 15th Cent. Original: Ivory. Silver plated on chain. **$5.00.** Also **C-12-JG** Gold plated on chain. **$5.00**
AIC-1-P. Flute Player Pin. 1300-1500 A.D. Coecle Culture, Panama. Art Institute of Chicago. Gold plated. **$2.50**

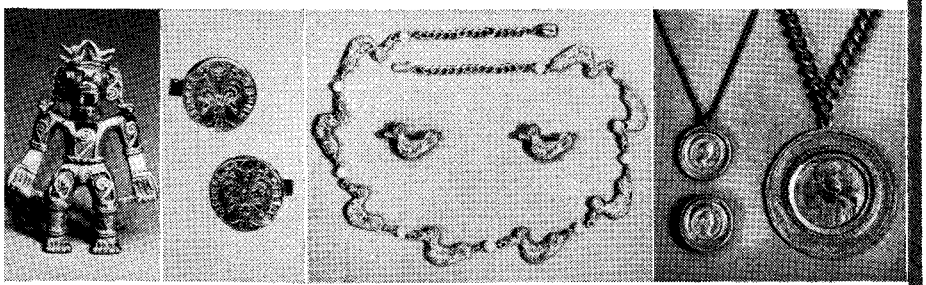
XH-100-NS. "Calendar Stone" Medal. Aztec. Private Collection. Reduction from 11' original. Silver plated. **$5.00.** Also **XH-100-NG** Gold plated. **$5.00**
AIC-2-P. Musician Pin. Central American. 1200-1500 A.D. Art Institute of Chicago. Gold plated. **$2.50**

JF-1-KC. Key Chain. Figure of knight in armor. Middle Ages. Silver plated. **$3.75**

From the dawn of time,

MASTERWORKS OF THE JEWELER'S ART

Each of these exquisite reproductions is a mirror of history, a conversation piece, and a striking personal adornment. From original pieces in famous museum and private collections, they are crafted in minutest detail, cast in metal, then heavily plated with the metal in which the originals were worked. This is jewelry indeed to stir the imagination and excite admiring comment wherever fine craftsmanship is recognized.



CL-4-P. Ornament. Panama. Coecle Culture. 900-1500 A.D. Cleveland Museum of Art. Gold plated. **$7.50**
NO-35-CL. Florentine Coin Cufflinks. 13-14th Century A.D. Norfolk Museum. Gold plated. **$3.50.** Also **NO-35-ES** earrings **$3.50. NO-35-P** 3 coin pin **$3.00**

Swimming Ducks. Egyptian. 4th-5th Cent. A.D. Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. **C-37-N** necklace. Gold plated with cultured pearls. **$15.00.** Also **C-37-PP** pins. **$3.00 pair.**

Medallions. Roman. 2nd-3rd Cent. A.D. Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. Gold plated. **C-36-N** necklace. **$3.75. C-36-P** pin **$3.75. C-35-N** (right), Byzantine necklace. Gold plated. **$10.00**

brentano's
booksellers to the world

Dept. R-3, 586 Fifth Avenue at 47th St., New York 36 • PLaza 7-8600
Open Thursday evenings until 7:30 P.M.
Also Washington, D.C., City of Paris, San Francisco

Please send me items circled below totaling $.....

PI-2-ES	PI-11-N	ST-50/51-ES	C-12-JS
NO-35-CL	PI-4-ES	PI-11-ES	AIC-13-N
C-12-JG	NO-35-ES	CL-2-P	BR-100-P
AIC-13-B	AIC-1-P	NO-35-P	PI-12-B
BR-100-B	AIC-13-ES	XH-100-NS	C-37-N
PI-6-ES	BR-100-N	AIC-13-RP	XH-100-NG
C-37-PP	AIC-8-EC	ST-50/51-N	DO-5-ES
AIC-2-P	C-36-N	AIC-10-CL	ST-50/51-B
NH-65-P	JF-1-KC	C-36-P	CL-4-P C-35-N

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone....State.....

☐ Check or M.O. enclosed ☐ Charge my account
Add 3% sales tax for N.Y.C. delivery. Add 10% jewelry tax and 25¢ postage on all items.

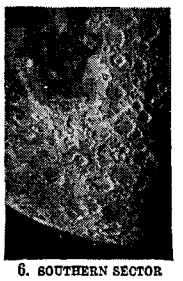
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. MOON—LAST QUARTER

2. GREAT NEBULA IN ORION

3. SPIRAL NEBULA IN TRIANGULUM

4. GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA


6. SOUTHERN SECTOR OF MOON

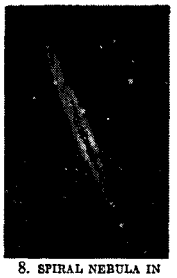
WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE

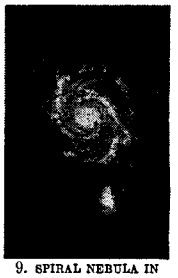
$3.95

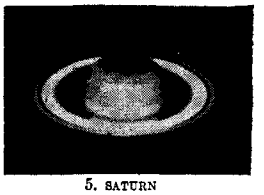
2' x 3' mural

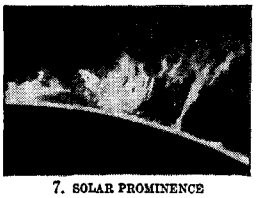
THREE MURALS FOR $11.

SET OF TEN MURALS $35.


8. SPIRAL NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA


9. SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI


5. SATURN


7. SOLAR PROMINENCE

10. MOON—FOURTEEN DAYS

These dramatic murals are exact reproductions of the famous originals and the wealth of detail, especially in the lunar scenes, is truly remarkable. Prints are reproduced on fine paper by the Collotype method: a screen-less facsimile process. Each print has a washable non-gloss vinyl coating and a white border. Astro Murals have been nationally publicized in *Look*, *Popular Science*, *True*, *House & Home*, and on the Garroway *Today* show. Astro Murals of all sizes are in use in universities and planetaria where they have received the endorsement of professional astronomers.

astro murals 33 West 60th Street, New York 23, N. Y

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Money order ☐ Check enclosed for sum of.....

Gentlemen: Please send the circled items:

1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8

9 10

Brochure describing giant wall murals enclosed with each order.

Orders shipped postpaid in mailing tube. Sorry, no COD's.

A BORZOI BOOK

Comprehensive, up-to-date

THE MIDDLE EAST

A History

by SIDNEY NETTLETON FISHER

Professor of History, The Ohio State University

Authoritative, thorough, readable, this history of one of the world's crucial areas emphasizes the modern era, but includes a general survey of the Middle East before the birth of Muhammad and traces Islam's development. *With fifteen distinctive maps especially designed for this volume by Theodore H. Miller.*

$8.95 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

■ Will prices keep rising?

■ Why did they go up during the last recession?

■ Can you benefit—or protect yourself—from today's NEW kind of inflation?

THE NEW inflation

By WILLARD L. THORP and RICHARD E. QUANDT

■ An authoritative discussion of inflation—the forces that create it, its effects on business and government, and the ways in which we can combat it. Timely, soundly documented, this valuable book is the result of a conference of 23 top economists at Amherst College's Merrill Center for Economics. It belongs on the desk of every man whose personal future rests on the future of the American economy.

$5.00 at your bookstore

McGRAW-HILL

in admirable fashion, certain points of his argument are misleading or incomplete.

Nowhere is mention made of the role of the present farm-price support program in encouraging production by the guarantee to farmers of prices substantially above free market levels. This attempt to bolster farm incomes is the basic cause of surpluses, rather than the extraordinary productivity advances registered by American agriculture in the past two decades. It is unfortunate that the parity concept has become so rigidified in the minds of our political leaders as to make impossible the adoption of alternative measures of farm-income support such as the direct-payment approach of the Brannan Plan first suggested a decade ago. Direct-income payments to farmers have numerous advantages, among the most significant of which would be an end to permanent farm surpluses. This is because there would be no direct interference with market prices as is presently the case.

Considerable thought should thus be given to the possibility of making changes in the income-support technique of the existing farm program rather than rushing a decision to establish a permanent program of food-surplus disposal through special sales programs or foreign aid. A permanent disposal program, furthermore, may not be in our best interests because of its harmful effects upon other exporters, and because it is far from the best way to promote economic development in poor countries. My own research into these questions reveals that other food-exporting countries, especially Canada, have been severely damaged by our disposal transactions, and that in many cases the surplus-commodity aid has not been used effectively in the developing countries to increase their capital formation and economic growth. These unfavorable findings could of course lay the basis for improvement in the handling of the disposal program, but this is no reason to insist that the program should be expanded and made permanent. It should be recognized instead that there are better ways to achieve our domestic- and foreign-policy goals than through surplus disposal.

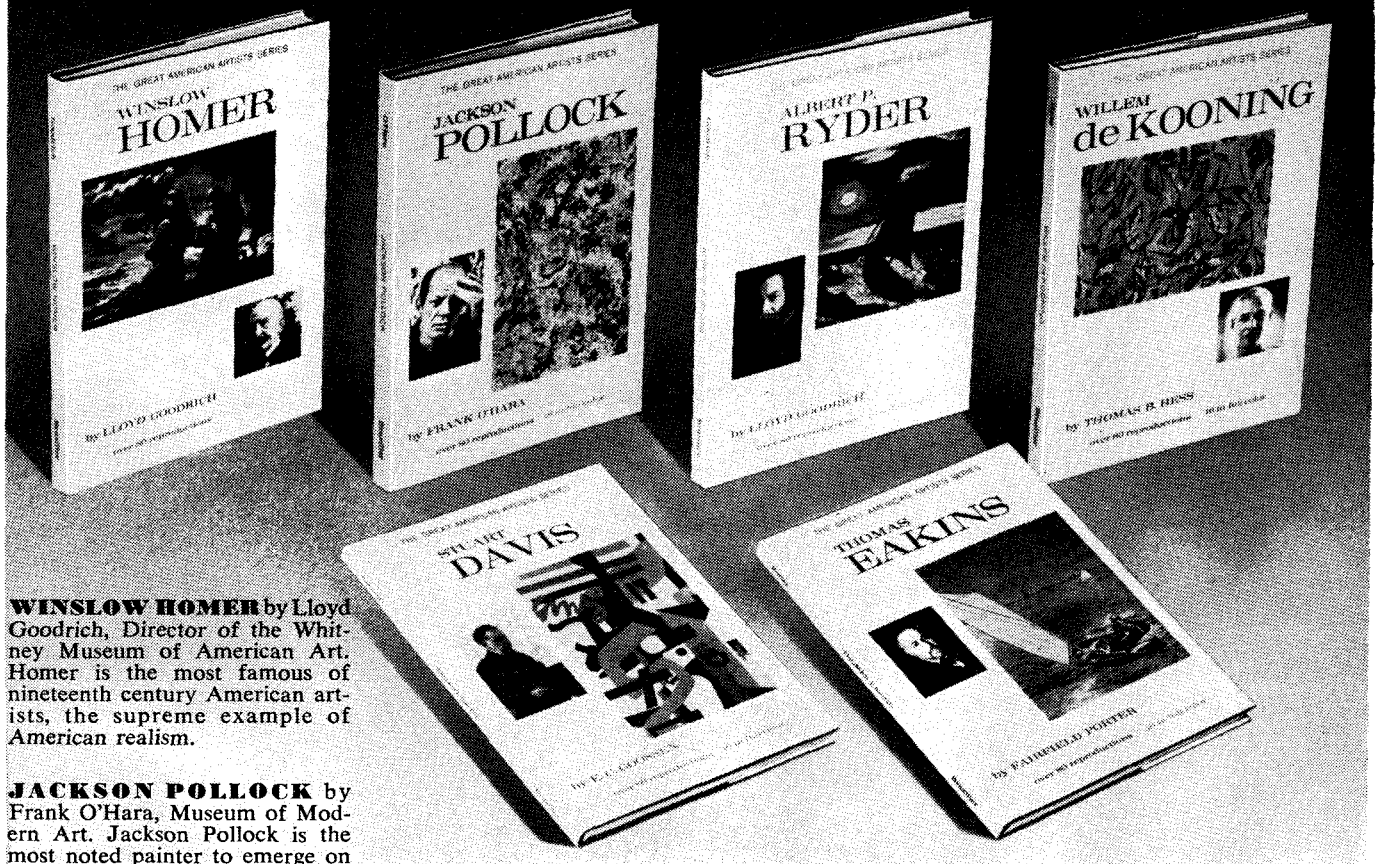
These remarks are not intended to deny the pressing need to find outlets for our existing and still-to-be-produced surpluses. We should, however, seek to accomplish this only as part of a program which by means of direct income payments to farmers will avoid the continued pile-up of surpluses. The pursuit of more rational domestic and international policies would thus be made possible in an area long in need of overhaul.

ROBERT M. STERN
Assistant Professor of Economics
Columbia College
New York

To the Editors: The objection to sending more of our surplus food, free or partly so, to countries where the stand-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES marks a maturity of American art book publishing in relation to the modern art of our country. These books should do for American artists what distinguished French critics did to make the entire world aware of the painters of the School of Paris."—ALFRED FRANKFURTER, Editor, *Art News*



WINSLOW HOMER by Lloyd Goodrich, Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Homer is the most famous of nineteenth century American artists, the supreme example of American realism.

JACKSON POLLOCK by Frank O'Hara, Museum of Modern Art. Jackson Pollock is the most noted painter to emerge on the international art scene since Salvador Dali.

ALBERT P. RYDER by Lloyd Goodrich. Although he was largely unknown in his time, Ryder is recognized today as one of the great "ancestors" of American painting.

WILLEM DE KOONING by Thomas B. Hess, Executive Editor, *Art News*. This is the first book ever published on Willem de Kooning, one of the most influential artists at work today and one of the most important.

STUART DAVIS by E. C. Goossen, contributing editor of *Art International*. Stuart Davis is the grand old man of the American abstract artists, who brings to his abstractions of Cape Cod and Broadway the sense of neon signs and traffic lights.

THOMAS EAKINS by Fairfield Porter, critic for *Art News*. Eakins was the first American painter with a scientific bent; in his work as instructor at the Pennsylvania Academy he importantly influenced the teaching of art in America.

THE recent showing of American art in Moscow, with its attendant controversy over "traditional" versus "modern" art, served to focus attention on American painters as never before. Now, with the forthcoming exhibition of the same show at the Whitney Museum in New York, popular interest in our native art continues to mount.

OF COURSE, when plans for THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES were first projected more than a year ago, we could not know that these specific events were in the offing. What we did know was that there was a genuine need for a series of authoritative, lavishly illustrated, yet low-priced books devoted exclusively to American painters, both "traditional" and "modern."

HERE then are the first six books in THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES. No expense has been spared to make these volumes works of art in themselves. Each book, measuring 7¼" x 10", contains a comprehensive study of the painter under discussion and more than 80 beautiful reproductions of his work, 16 of which are in full color. In addition, each volume has a full chronology, bibliography and index.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

Superb New Art Books Rich in Color at an Irresistibly Low Price

GEORGE BRAZILLER, Inc., 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. R-10

- ☐ **Winslow Homer**
- ☐ **Jackson Pollock**
- ☐ **Albert P. Ryder**
- ☐ **Willem de Kooning**
- ☐ **Stuart Davis**
- ☐ **Thomas Eakins**

$3.95 each

Please send me the books in THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES I have checked. Cloth bound, $3.95 each.

_____Bill me (including postage)

_____I enclose $_____ ☐ check ☐ money order. (Publisher pays postage).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

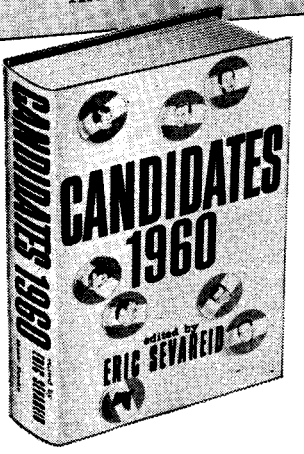
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an
olive won't
but
TRIBUNO will*
EXTRA DRY for MARTINIS
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
FOR PERFECT
DRY MARTINIS
*. . . make the perfect martini because it's the vermouth made extra dry to satisfy the Martini-wise.
And for manhattans use Tribuno Sweet Vermouth (or Extra Dry for dry manhattan devotees!)
"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. • Sole agents in the U.S.A.

ROCKEFELLER?

NIXON? STEVENSON? KENNEDY? HUMPHREY? SYMINGTON? JOHNSON?

"One of the best pre-Presidential convention publications I have ever seen. It is an historical document that I think will be considered for some time to come."
HARRY S. TRUMAN



Eric Sevareid and nine top Washington correspondents analyze the personalities, records and strategies of the leading contenders for the next presidential nominations in this fact-filled, eye-opening guide for the intelligent citizen.
16 illustrations, $4.95

BASIC BOOKS, Publishers, Inc.

ARE YOUR FRIENDS BETTER STOCKED THAN SANTA?

(see page 45)

ard of nutrition is low is based on our fear of interfering with the export trade of other countries producing an exportable surplus of food. This objection could be overcome by our offering to supply surplus food on generous terms to the governments of countries where there is much undernourishment provided they buy as much food from other countries as they have been doing on an average in recent years, plus perhaps an additional allowance for an increase in their population. Thus the export trade of other food-exporting countries would be fully protected, and our food would represent a potential net increase in nutrition which the governments of the recipient countries should be responsible for getting into the stomachs of those who need it most.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS
New York

To the Editors: As usual, *The Reporter* has come up with a fine piece of work. I have recommended Mr. Meyer's article to a number of people who have written to me about this subject.

FRANK CHURCH
U.S. Senate

FEARFUL LUXURY

To the Editors: I like your little editorial piece on the "self-frightened" females in charge of our libraries, who carry on their own censorship on the off chance that a book will later on be found to violate some official canon or other (*The Reporter's* Notes, June 25).

I must say, however, that your quick, sure way of placing your finger on the explanation leaves me more dazzled than convinced: "They're woefully underpaid," you say, and "accorded so little support and encouragement that they have only a little sense of professional pride and responsibility."

I've always been fascinated by the thesis that if you only paid our librarians, teachers, and social workers more, and also gave them a sense of professional standing, they would turn in a much better job. Actually, it hasn't worked out this way at all. There's good evidence that you give them even more to get nervous about, and they become even more conservative and self-frightened. Do you want to see some *really* self-frightened females? Let me take you to Pasadena, where the little old lady guarding a couple of millions left her by some soap- or meat-packing husband lives.

R. W. GLEDHILL
Sunnyvale, California

CORSETS MAKE THE CRITIC

To the Editors: Three cheers for "Sec"—both for paying proper tribute to a guest, Mrs. Khrushchev, and for putting a gossip columnist in her place. We need more of this sort of thing. I refer of course to the little poem "Judgment" in the October 1 issue of *The Reporter*.

GORDON W. COUCHMAN
Department of English
Elmhurst College
Elmhurst, Illinois

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the regular issue:

MR. BALANCHINE BUILDS A BALLET

by Robert Kotlowitz . . . A behind-the-scenes report on a great choreographer at work from the first rehearsals to opening night of "Native Dancers" at the New York City Center.

ON WISCONSIN!

by David Boroff. . . This candid portrait of a great, though sometimes childish, university is the first of a series of three articles on very different types of higher education — in the Midwest and South, and on the Pacific Coast.

HOW MUCH POISON ARE YOU BREATHING?

by Charles Schaeffer and Art Cosing . . . An authoritative and frightening round-up report of what auto exhaust fumes are doing to your health.

THE MAN ON THE 38th FLOOR

by Joseph P. Lash . . . The first published full-length portrait of Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary General of the UN.

WHY SPOIL THE ADIRONDACKS?

by Robert and Leona Rienow . . . A hard-hitting attack on the proposed Adirondack Northway which New York voters will either approve or turn down this November at the polls.

Also in this issue:

THE WOLFER by Wallace Stegner . . . **THE STEAMING STANLEY TWINS** by Howard D. Fabing . . . **ADVISE AND CONSENT** by William S. White . . . After Hours, The Easy Chair, Book and Record Reviews

SAVE 50% and receive special illustrated, 66-page literary supplement

WRITING IN AMERICA

Mail the coupon below and receive HARPER'S MAGAZINE over the next 14 months for only $4.20 (regular $8.40 newsstand value). Begin your subscription with the special October issue—190 pages—which includes the regular edition of Harper's, PLUS the literary supplement—WRITING IN AMERICA.

WRITING IN AMERICA offers something no American magazine has attempted in recent years. Leading critics, novelists, poets, TV and film writers take a searching look at our fiction and poetry as well as the writing being done for the theater, films, and television. There are frank discussions of book reviewing, publishing, and the teaching of "creative writing." Beautiful photographs by DAVID ATTIE portray the varied worlds of American writing. WRITING IN AMERICA adds up to 66 fascinating, unusual pages devoted to a subject that has rarely been so thoroughly and entertainingly explored.

Contents of Supplement

THE ALONE GENERATION:
A Comment on the Fiction of the 'Fifties by Alfred Kazin

THE WRITER AND HOLLYWOOD
by Budd Schulberg

ON THE TEACHING OF WRITING
by Archibald MacLeish

HOW AND WHY I WRITE THE COSTUME NOVEL
by Frank Yerby

WHICH SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC?
by C. P. Snow

THE LOST ART OF WRITING FOR TELEVISION
by Vance Bourjaily

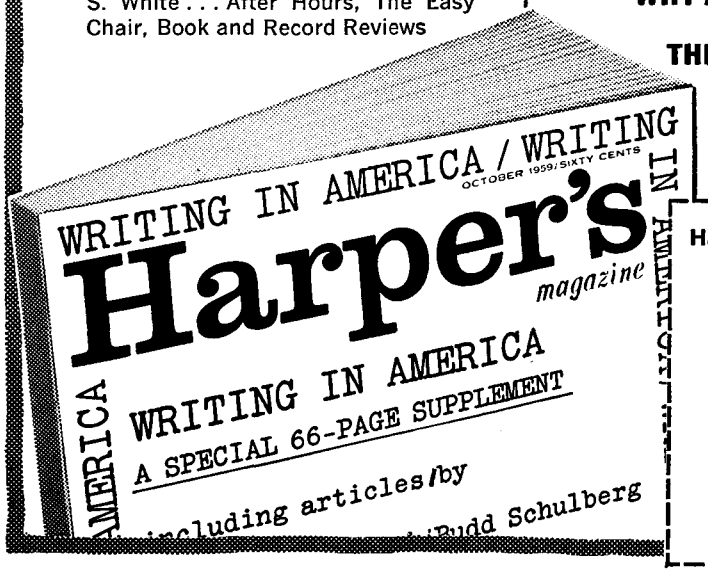
THE DECLINE OF BOOK REVIEWING
by Elizabeth Hardwick

AMERICAN POETRY'S SILVER AGE
by Stanley Kunitz

WHY AMERICAN PLAYS ARE NOT LITERATURE
by Robert Brustein

THE DELIGHTS OF LITERARY LECTURING
by Kingsley Amis

LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO ENTER PUBLISHING
Anonymous



Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enter my fourteen-month subscription for only $4.20 — a 50% saving under the newsstand value.

Name_____

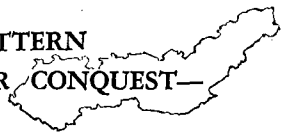
Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Bill me later ☐ Check or money-order enclosed R-10

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PATTERN FOR CONQUEST—



THE COMMUNIST SUBVERSION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, 1938-1948

THE FAILURE OF COEXISTENCE

by Josef Korbel

"PROFESSOR KORBEL'S study [carries] the double authority of a participant in the struggle and of careful scholarly analysis . . . This carefully documented case study has a special relevance for all those who are interested in understanding the Communist ability to harness political, military, economic, and psychological pressures."—PHILIP E. MOSELY

$5.00

Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

Is NATO obsolete?

NATO AND AMERICAN SECURITY

edited by Klaus Knorr

WEAKENED BY many recent events, always under pressure — what is the future value of NATO? A group of distinguished experts offer "an excellent and comprehensive demonstration of the complex nature of the defense problems of the Free World."—GENERAL MAXWELL D. TAYLOR (Ret.)

$6.00

Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR GUEST has been so much with us, it is understandable if we are all rather hung over. We have not yet gotten around to rearranging the furniture, disposing of the empty bottles, returning lost compacts and briefcases, or counting the silver. It was a spectacular party, everyone agrees, even if everyone is also a little vague as to what happened when and to whom. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** presents a preliminary reckoning; he will return to the subject in forthcoming issues of *The Reporter* to discuss not only what has been done to us but what we can and must do on our part. Nikita Khrushchev's grand tour poses for us questions of immediate import that demand our urgent attention. It was precisely to deal with such questions—and above all to oppose those who would befog them into obscurantist or subversive demagoguery—that *The Reporter* was founded.

"CONGRESSMEN? In Washington they hitch horses to them." Thus spoke Timothy (Big Tim) Sullivan in 1906, when he announced his intention of retiring from the House of Representatives to return to the familiar comforts of the New York State senate. Well, the horse-and-buggy days are now over; and there are a great many congressmen who, in moments of desperate candor, will concede that they sometimes feel like victims of technological unemployment. The tremendous growth in power of the Federal government has been accompanied by a sense of impotence in those who are supposed to wield —or help wield—this power. There is so much that needs to be known if a member of Congress is to act responsibly, and there are so few ways he can ever hope to learn it. This sense of frustration was very evident in the most recent session of Congress. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, attempts to analyze the root reasons for the discontents of the Eighty-sixth Congress. . . . According to **Edmond Taylor,** our regular European correspondent, President de Gaulle's bold proposals for an Algerian settlement demonstrate once more that he is by no means the prisoner of the colonial die-hards who brought him to power. If anything, Mr. Taylor reports, the reverse would seem to be much closer to the truth. . . . **Alastair Buchan,** who writes regularly from Britain for *The Reporter,* is director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London. . . . **Denis Warner,** an Australian constantly on the move in the Far East, appeared most recently in *The Reporter* in our May 14 issue, with an article that predicted the outcome of the Singapore elections. . . . **William L. Rivers,** a native of Florida, describes the state's current land boom.

John Kenneth Galbraith, economist, teacher, and writer, indulges here in an excursion into personal reminiscence. . . . Having run the gamut as a playwright himself—his *Visit to a Small Planet* was a hit comedy three seasons ago—**Gore Vidal** crosses to the other side of the proscenium arch to try his hand as a critic. He begins with sundry reflections on leaves, noses, and the unwisdom of seeing plays before writing about them. . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** a New York record-company executive, writes regularly for this magazine. . . . **Marya Mannes,** of course, is our staff television critic as well as poet. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** who has been reviewing movies for us for some time now, is also a *Reporter* artist. . . . **George Steiner,** formerly a Fellow of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton and an editor of the *Economist,* is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky?* (Knopf). . . . **David T. Bazelon,** a corporation lawyer, wrote the *Reporter* Essay "Facts and Fictions of U.S. Capitalism" in our September 17 issue. . . . **Gerald Weales,** a frequent contributor, teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Earl Raab** lives in San Francisco, where he is active in interracial work. With Gertrude Jaeger Selznick he wrote *Major Social Problems,* published recently by Row, Peterson.

Our cover, of the Capitol Rotunda, is by **Fred Zimmer.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor-in-Chief and Publisher*

Editor, Irving Kristol
Executive Editor, Philip Horton
Managing Editor, Robert Bingham • *Washington Editor*, Douglass Cater
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding • *Contributing Editor*, Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Copy Editor*, Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift, Paul Jacobs, William Lee Miller
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising*, Harry R. Davis
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 21, NO. 6 **OCTOBER 15, 1959**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2
NOW THAT WE'VE SEEN HIM—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 18

At Home & Abroad

THE LONELY MEN ON CAPITOL HILL . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 23
DE GAULLE BREAKS THE ICE . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 26
WANTED: A EUROPEAN DETERRENT . . . . . *Alastair Buchan* 28
JAPAN'S EMPTY KINDERGARTENS . . . . . *Denis Warner* 31
PARADISE ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN . . . . . *William L. Rivers* 32

Views & Reviews

ROYALTY ON THE FARM . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 35
Theater: SIR JOHN, BY A NOSE . . . . . *Gore Vidal* 38
Music: WHAT'S THE SCORE? . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 40
Channels: THE UPPAH CLAHSSES . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 41
Movies: SOREHEADS . . . . . *Jay Jacobs* 43
Books:
SONGS OF EXPERIENCE . . . . . *George Steiner* 44
'AS FLIES TO WANTON BOYS' . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 48
ROUND PEG IN A ROUND HOLE . . . . . *Robert Bingham* 49
IT'S ALL THERE . . . . . *David T. Bazelon* 50
AUTHOR! AUTHOR! . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 52
PARADE'S END . . . . . *Earl Raab* 53
BOOK NOTES 56

Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

A BORZOI BOOK

A LIBERAL EDUCATION
in a single volume...

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND
FROM
The Saturday Evening Post

EXPLORE the frontiers of contemporary thought with twenty-one eminent creative thinkers in science, the humanities, and the arts. Their brilliant contributions, first published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, survey and appraise the significant ideas and advances in knowledge in the twentieth century, and bridge the gulf between the intellectual pioneers of our exciting time and the intelligent layman. The contributors are:

LOREN EISELEY
JACQUES BARZUN
WILLIAM S. BECK
PAUL TILLICH
J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER
EDITH HAMILTON
ALDOUS HUXLEY
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER,
EDITH SITWELL
D. W. BROGAN
HANS SELYE
HERBERT READ
FRED HOYLE
LEWIS MUMFORD
AARON COPLAND
MARTIN CYRIL D'ARCY
JAMES R. NEWMAN
S. I. HAYAKAWA
CLEMENT GREENBERG
WALTER GROPIUS
BERTRAND RUSSELL
Introduction by MARK VAN DOREN

Edited by
RICHARD THRUELSEN
and JOHN KOBLER

$4.50 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now That We've Seen Him—

It happened only yesterday, and yet one can well venture to say that Nikita Khrushchev's visit to this country had the quality of which dreams—and nightmares—are made. For thirteen days, the man who is the Kremlin was here, and for hour after hour the American people gazed at him. The Russians never had that privilege and will have to wait a long, long time before they catch up with us on this score. Neither will they be able to get such a close look at our President when and if, at the season when flowers are in bloom, he goes to their country. There is not enough privacy for those poor people to have it invaded by visiting or homegrown great men, nor have they enough houses or television or radio sets.

We, the American people, have had to pay a high price for our opulence. We have had Nikita Khrushchev brought into our homes as a public service by the profit-seeking TV and radio networks. The cracker-barrel folksiness of that sophisticated peasant has become entirely familiar to us. That superb comedian has performed for us a simple but abundantly repeated act, made compelling by its simplicity and repetitiousness, in the best style of our comic strips. Marxist philosophy never found such a plausible, folksy impersonator. Even the dumbest among us must have gotten the point: we are living on borrowed time, and the freedoms we cherish are, for Khrushchev, half-funny, half-irritating anachronisms. But as far as he is concerned, if we want to stick to these funny freedoms of ours, and if we move peacefully toward our preordained doom, we can go right ahead.

On one point he was stern and emphatic: we had better stop making trouble for Soviet Russia—or else. If we and our allies want to go on disturbing the peace of the world, then we must know now whom we have to blame. Sometimes sneering, sometimes scowling, sometimes—but rarely—benign, he has given us a piece of his mind: we are a plush leftover of an outdated phase of history. But if we insist on sticking around too long and get ideas about our capacity to reverse the tide of time, then it will be too bad. He made himself quite clear. Even the fact of speaking a language that most of us could not understand helped his act and gave it the character of a pantomime, with weird sounds awkwardly dubbed in. Yet, for all his plain talk, it will take some time before we fully realize what he has done here and how we can answer. This is just a first attempt.

Hot and Cold, Hot and Cold

"There is no alternative to peace," the President has said many times. Khrushchev's position is different. For him, the alternative to peace is—as it has always been—war. At the United Nations, he said: "The tension in international relations cannot continue forever. Either it will reach the pitch at which there can be only one outcome—war—or else, by joint efforts, the states will succeed in abolishing this tension in good time . . ." The governments of the western powers, and most of all our own, are, in his opinion, responsible for the armament race and the absence of peace. "We in the Soviet Union frequently wonder why it is that, despite our desire to reach agreement on disarmament with the western powers, we are being forced to take part in the arms race." [Los Angeles.]

Our government, he told us over and over again, started the "cold war," which is, according to him, the first phase of the American aggression against Soviet Russia. It is truly wondrous to see the use Khrushchev and his ilk have made of this metaphor that some American writers have concocted. Actually, this expression is a crude oversimplification of a state of things in which war has ceased to be a means for the attainment of national aims, while more and more devastating weapons make the prospect of war ever more appalling and inconceivable. The conflict between the two polar nations is frightening precisely because there is no war, and because no one in his right mind can wish for war. The absence of both peace and war is an unprecedented

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state of affairs and we cannot deal with it in the language of children playing at hide-and-seek.

Khrushchev and his ilk have adopted this inept metaphor with overwhelming enthusiasm. It fits them like a glove. If the conflict between the United States and Russia can be called a war, then the fault lies with the United States, which first created weapons of immeasurable destruction. And if this conflict is a war, it should end in peace—their peace. The two terms *cold* and *war* are easily reversible and lend themselves to any number of qualifications and combinations. The Russians have become the most passionate advocates both of peace and of warmth. They have gone so far that sometimes *peace* sounds like a bad word. They are against war, no matter what thermal adjective qualifies the word, and there is no limit to their love for peaceful warmth. "Although the climate in your country is milder and warmer, the political cold is coming from you, not from us." [Pittsburgh.] Sometimes Khrushchev seems a little bit more optimistic. "The ice in Soviet-American relations has undoubtedly begun to break up and we are sincerely glad of this." [United Nations.] And certainly he does not want the Eisenhower children and their grandfather to go to Moscow when it is cold there.

The Russian's record could not be any plainer. "We have always exerted all efforts to eliminate the cold war and to improve relations between our countries." [Farewell speech.] But "unfortunately . . . circles hampering the relaxation of international tension and sowing the seeds of new conflicts are still active and influential in many countries. These people support the old and the departing, they cling to the heritage of the 'cold war.'" [United Nations.] "There still exist those who adhere to the old boring arguments of the cold-war period." [Farewell speech.] Such people make the "position" of the President of the United States more difficult than his, for there are only peacelovers in Russia. "Evidently those forces in the United States which hinder the improvement of relations between our countries and an international détente are still influential, and this cannot fail to be taken into account." [Farewell speech.] When he got back home, he let himself go: "These forces should be exposed, they must be shown to the world, publicly whipped, they must be subjected to the torments of Hades." He did not identify who should do the whipping, nor what devil should see to it that the torments of Hades are properly administered.

The Sublimated Controllers

The United States still clings to the wrongest possible friends: German revanchists and the like. "It is impossible to ignore the fact that certain quarters in West Germany are harboring plans for setting the Soviet Union and the other powers at loggerheads, aggravating the relations between them and keeping the world in a state of international tension." [National Press Club.] The United States has established a system of military alliances, all aimed at Soviet Russia; it keeps troops and weapons all around the Communist world. The United States refuses to clear out the remnants of the last war and, together with its major allies, it is responsible for the occupation régime that "is still maintained in the heart of Germany, in Berlin, on the territory of its Western sectors. Eliminating this source of tension in the center of Europe, in the potentially most dangerous area of the world, where major armed forces of the opposing military alignments are close to each other, would furnish the key to improving the entire international climate." [United Nations.] After his long talks with Khrushchev, the President has come to agree that the situation is "abnormal."

The Soviet Union "is a resolute and consistent champion of disarmament. In our state, there are no classes or groups interested in war and the arms race, interested in the conquest of foreign territories." [United Nations.] In his first speech at the National Press Club, he had put what he felt about disarmament in terms of ultimate, almost utopian, desirability. "The best, the most reliable way to make war impossible would be to place all states, without exception, in conditions where they would have no means of conducting war or, in other words, to solve the problem of disarmament." Two days later, in the General Assembly of the U.N., he proposed that Utopia be achieved in a four-year period. His plan for general and complete disarmament is, indeed, very detailed and comprehensive as far as weapons and bearers of weapons are concerned. The "Declaration of the Soviet Government on General and Complete Disarmament," submitted to the General Assembly on the same day, proposes not only the abolition of armies, weapons, general staffs, etc., but also "the discontinuance of the appropriation of funds for military purposes in any form, whether from state budgets or from public organizations and private individuals." The private individual is warned: the Soviet government denies him the right to accumulate capital and to finance wars.

"General and complete disarmament will remove also the difficulties connected with control. In such circumstances states will have nothing to hide from each other, and there will be every opportunity to carry out checks or inspections if there is any doubt about the good faith of any state in fulfilling its disarmament obligations." [Declaration.] In his speech to the Assembly, he has put it with at least equal emphasis: "If disarmament is comprehensive and complete, then upon its attainment control will also be general and complete. States will have nothing to conceal from one another: none of them will dispose of a weapon that could be used against the other, and therefore the controllers will be able to manifest their zeal to the hilt." Controls will be perfect when there is nothing to control.

At his first press conference after the Khrushchev visit, the President reported that "He [Khrushchev] said constantly, in talking about disarmament, he said, 'I want you to study the proposal I made.' He did not add

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anything in the way of details to me." That was good advice that Khrushchev gave our President. Just by reading the Soviet proposals, the President will learn that among the "partial steps on disarmament and the strengthening of security" the Soviet government suggests the liquidation of our bases abroad, disengagement in Western Europe, with the "creation of a zone of control and inspection" to be exerted, obviously, by both sides. The President may then wonder how strict and comprehensive these controls could be. The Soviet Government Declaration gives the answer when it specifies how controls should work while general and complete disarmament is being brought about: "To anticipate possible attempts on the part of states to circumvent or violate the agreement on general and complete disarmament, the agreement shall contain a provision stipulating that any question of its violation shall be submitted for immediate consideration by the Security Council or the General Assembly of the United Nations, in accordance with their respective sphere of competence." As to the use the Russians have made of their veto in the Security Council, not much study is needed; and as to the General Assembly, when Khrushchev was addressing precisely that body, he made it quite plain what he thought of it, and particularly of its bad habit of reaching decisions by ballot. If the Soviet government wants to have a veto power on questions arising after a treaty on general and complete disarmament has been signed, is it conceivable that it will accept less comprehensive controls on its territory in the course of limited disarmament?

The Irritable Necrophile

Khrushchev did not come to these shores to push us into anything, or to ask anything of us. At least this is what he said. "We do not ask for peace." [Pittsburgh.] "If you think that the 'cold war' is something which is profitable to you, then go ahead. Let us then compete in the 'cold war.'" [Los Angeles.] He is in favor of trading with us; "however, that's up to you. The question of trade is one of profit. If you do not find it profitable to buy our goods or to sell your goods to us, do what you consider necessary. Do not forget one thing, however. It sometimes happens that too choosy a bride will wait too long and find herself an old maid." [Economic Club.]

He is kind and patient enough to tell us: Be yourselves; try to make some profit as long as the going is good. Soviet Russia does not need to trade with America in order to fulfill its Seven-Year Plan. In fact, "the artificial curtailment of trade with the Soviet Union has strengthened rather than weakened us." [Economic Club.] The capitalistic nations can only gain from general and complete disarmament, for if "the artificial obstacles in the way of international trade which today exist in the shape of discriminatory restrictions, prohibitive lists, etc., would vanish," then "the industries of such countries as the United States of America, Great Britain, France, West Germany, and other highly developed countries could at last receive large orders from other States." [United Nations.] He does not mention virtuous Soviet Russia, which doesn't care about large orders, for it is self-sufficient, fast-growing, and has more than full employment. What he cannot stand is the spectacle of capitalistic nations being sluggish in responding to the profit motive.

He is for free trade. Soviet Russia since the beginning has been for free trade, and, as usual, for utterly unselfish reasons. To judge from the fervor with which he expounds the principle of free trade, one would say he is a disciple of Adam Smith and not of Karl Marx. And in some other respects, too, he is in favor of old capitalistic practices. "We must come to an agreement with you that there should be no interference in each other's balance sheets." [Economic Club.] He does advocate the greatest and freest possible development of international trade but stops short, of course, when it comes to trade in ideas. Here, too, the Soviet Union is self-supporting, and only its government can decide if, when, and to what extent communication with the outside world can be established.

On this point, as we all know, he was singularly irritable and obstreperous. Nobody has the right to complain about what the Russians are or are not allowed to read, although he had a perfect right to go into a fit because he could not see Disneyland. And don't let anybody mention his behavior under Stalin, or Hungary, or any subject that might irk him. Then anger will unleash his old necrophilic propensities: Hungary is a dead rat, Formosa an unburied corpse. He wants to have the system of trade discrimination "interred and without any honors." When told that our capitalistic system offers to the worker the advantages of the welfare state, he skeptically says, "Only a grave can correct a hunchback." But of course when he talks of graves he hates to be taken literally, and if anybody reminds him of his "We will bury you" statement, then his ire becomes uncontrollable, for he never meant to bury so many millions of us and doesn't like the handicraft practice of burial anyhow. Automation will do the job.

He is ready to wait for a while. In the U.N. speech he took an Olympian view of things. In the disarmed, peaceful world he advocates, angelic Communism and perfidious but tamed capitalism can competitively coexist—for a while. What the end will be he knows, so why bother? At the General Assembly, he broadly hinted what the order of the international community will be—presumably after the final consummation of general and complete disarmament. Only the "general will" of all nations can truly settle international dissension and disagreement. The shadow of Jean Jacques Rousseau hovered over the General Assembly. Khrushchev's "general will" may be just another name—who knows?—for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Khrushchev could well have added that international quarrels can be thoroughly settled only when there is

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing to quarrel about, or that there can be the most universal free trade of ideas only when everybody has the same ideas. Christlike Russia has paved the way for the regeneration of mankind. God is on its side: "You must not think God is helping only you. He's helping us, *too* . . . We are developing quicker, and therefore God is on our side. He helps the intelligent." [Garst farm.]

The longer he stayed here, the more he exalted Soviet Communism with ecstatic, missionary fervor. Russian Communism is "the best party of all the parties in the world." [Pittsburgh.] In fact, it is better than both of our parties. In San Francisco he said that Soviet society strives toward the highest principles of the Gospel. It has thrown the money-changers out of the temple, he said in his farewell speech. True, at his final press conference one hour earlier he had said that people go to the temples or to the churches in Russia for curiosity's sake. But he is a passionate man, very fond of talking and free from the fear of inconsistency.

He is undoubtedly a very proud man now, for he succeeded in getting himself invited to our country and was honorably received. From our country, he launched his epochal plan for general and complete disarmament. Modestly, he said that "long before [mankind] experienced the horrors of world wars, disarmament had been proposed and urged by public figures, statesmen, and the parties most closely connected with the working people." [Declaration.] But he forgot a few other men who made similar proposals. Adolf Hitler, for instance, who on October 14, 1933, at the Reichstag, said: "If the world decides that all weapons, including the last machine gun, are to be destroyed, we are ready immediately to join such a convention. If the world decides that certain categories of weapons are to be destroyed, we are ready to renounce them from the beginning." Two years later, again at the Reichstag, he said: "Whoever lights the torch of war in Europe can wish for nothing but chaos."

Not Unto Me

During his visit, Nikita Khrushchev saw fit to question incessantly the life expectancy and what can truly be called the legitimacy of our system, and showed no disposition to tolerate the expression of any doubt as to the durability and legitimacy of Communism in any one of the countries it has conquered. True, very few people here felt like braving his wrath by asking him questions on subjects that might infuriate him. What happened to Vice-President Nixon in Moscow dampened any eagerness to talk to Khrushchev about enslaved peoples. But about our system, the well-being of our people, or the effectiveness of our welfare state—on all this our guest freely lavished his scorn.

Undeviatingly, in all his public appearances, Khrushchev spoke as if his country had attained its major aims in a war that cannot be fought. But if war is not fought, this is due to the might and virtue of Soviet Russia. He has the right to set the price. In his proposal for partial steps toward a reduction of armaments he asked for our withdrawal into Fortress America and the virtual disbandment of our alliances. He did not really put much of his heart into that trifling project. What he cared for, and kept insisting on after he first formulated it, was the plan for general and complete disarmament. Only if we accept it, he kept saying, can there be any real peace and confidence among nations. Other countries may not have heard about confidence games and attempts to sell the Brooklyn Bridge. We have.

Yet it must be said, and repeated over and over again: It is good to have had him here. He showed those of us who are willing and able to understand how, in a situation that seems to be hopelessly stalemated because of the absence of war, substitutes for war can be found and radical changes may occur—changes in Khrushchev's favor, assuming that we are inept enough to let them happen. The Berlin situation is the outstanding example. Berlin used to be the focal point of our resistance to Communist aggression. Now that the President, in answer to Khrushchev's prodding, has admitted that it is "abnormal," the Berlin situation has become a pale reflection of a global state of affairs that is, to be sure, abnormal enough. But if some kind of normalization is accepted as inevitable within an unspecified span of time, then Khrushchev can look forward to rewarding days. After all, is there anything more abnormal and anachronistic for him than our democracy?

Now that we've seen him, both fairness and the will to survive should compel us to pay tribute to a formidable enemy. During those thirteen days, he ran circles around the American people and, it is to be feared, the high officials of the administration. He has left us dazzled and somewhat shell-shocked, for never has such a performance or such a performer been seen in our country. We have paid dearly for what has been until now our privilege: As he himself pointed out, we had never been exposed to the sight of a high-powered, live Communist. Other nations, like those of Western Europe, have been somewhat immunized by their own Communist leaders—persuasive politicians of great stature like Togliatti or Duclos, thoroughly dedicated to the ruin of the democratic order. It is doubtful that these European nations would have been so startled and upset by Khrushchev's visit. But we weren't immunized, and we were upset.

Now that we have known Khrushchev, it is surprising to see how many people here are reassured by the prospect of long, protracted talks. Negotiations with Soviet Russia are undoubtedly useful, provided we see to it that Khrushchev is not the one who speaks last and best. For certainly that man can talk. His guile has been felt by a number of Americans considerably older than David Eisenhower, who got along famously with him and defined him as "a nice man."

The candor of the nice man is as remarkable as his

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guile. By telling us on every possible occasion that Soviet Russia will surpass us in any number of fields and then leave us far behind, he did his best to convey a more far-reaching message. The message was, *I will get you*. He kept playing this tune to the very end of his journey, and was rewarded, according to what he himself reported to his countrymen, by a more and more cordial reception. Our poor Vice-President was defensive and thoroughly well-behaved in Russia. Not once did he attack the philosophy of Communism, and if he stopped smiling sometimes, it was to talk or to eat. Yet he was mercilessly heckled, and the example was set in front of the washing machine by the heckler-in-chief, Khrushchev.

While he was here, Khrushchev made it plain that he was not going to stand any nonsense. Back in Moscow, he told the whole story as he saw it. He did not want to have people talking back to him and he did not like to have some of his sayings quoted back to him. At the beginning, as he reported, he was kept under a sort of house arrest. Later, when he decided that he did not want any more people asking him what he had meant by saying that he was going to "bury capitalism," he made it clear to Ambassador Lodge, via Gromyko, that enough was enough. That did it. As he put it, "I was, figuratively speaking, uncuffed." From then on, the masses became enthusiastic, and public officials courteous. This should prove, incidentally, going back to what happened to Vice-President Nixon during his visit to Russia, that in a democracy the masses and the officials are more responsive to orders from on high than in a totalitarian state.

After the Hurricane

The most ominous consequence of Khrushchev's visit is perhaps that his contempt for us may have become even more thorough and less inhibited. His scorn and his prejudices may, in his mind, have found support in the fact that he has seen us. Now he can say that he knows America—its people and its leaders. He may take greater risks in offending or challenging us, and be inclined to tell his friends, his Stalinist enemies, or Mao that we are rather soft and not too bright.

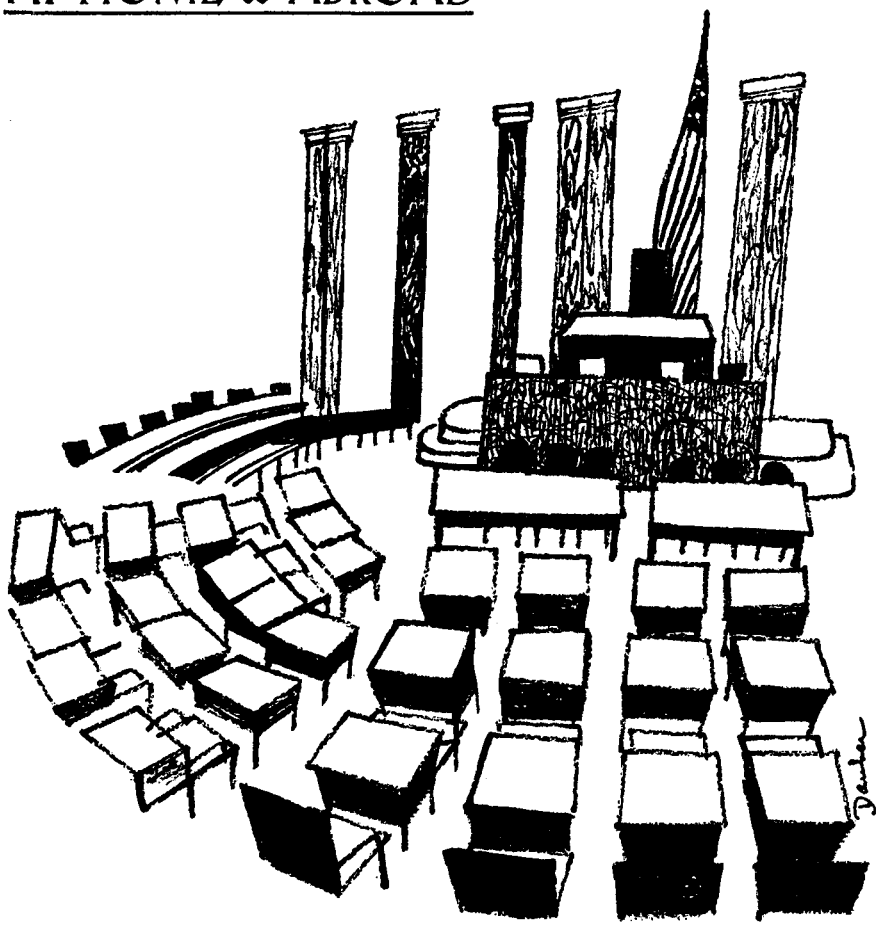
Certainly he will try to take greater and greater advantage of us—if we let him. Will we? Some signs already are pointing in our favor. The President's return visit to Moscow has been postponed, and before that takes place there will be a summit meeting. There, on our side, will be not only the President but such a man as de Gaulle. Adenauer will not be far away. The grandchildren are likely to stay home. Most important of all, the really vital issues, like reduction of armament, trade or cultural relations with Soviet Russia, are left up to us. During his stay here, Khrushchev blew them up to unmanageable proportions. They must all be tackled in earnest and most urgently. It may well turn out that he overdid it.

We must start now from scratch. Khrushchev has reminded those of us who are not satisfied with talk for the sake of talking how excruciating and risky is this business of coexisting with Communism. War is not a way out, and we have to ready ourselves for long, hard exertion—for we must outlive Communism. There is no reason why we should waste our energies by proclaiming this goal every hour on the hour, but we must move toward it undeviatingly. We must multiply our contacts with people under Communism at all possible levels. They need us. Under no condition must we recognize the permanency or legitimacy of their régimes. This has nothing to do with diplomatic recognition and other nineteenth-century rituals. In a situation where there is no peace and there can be no war, the relationship between nations ruled according to irreconcilable orders assumes forms of an entirely unprecedented character. Nikita Khrushchev has given us some persuasive evidence on this score.

No American President could possibly repay his visit in kind. Undoubtedly there is a quality of greatness in this man, a quality we in this country do not cultivate and do not cherish. We would be lost if we thought it rested with our country to answer, item by item, the challenges and stunts of Khrushchev's Russia. Our task is different, and it is a gigantic one. We must tidy up our system of alliances by eliminating marginal commitments; we must redefine the standards we live by and make them known to the allied peoples and to those under Communism.

FOR THOSE who are dedicated to freedom and are truly liberals, the task is as great and as demanding as the risk our country is facing. This is an emergency of unlimited duration. True, some among us are inclined to assume that things are not so bad and will get better if we talk them over with the Russians. Such people must be asked just one question: How many visits do you need from Nikita Khrushchev?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Lonely Men On Capitol Hill

DOUGLASS CATER

DESPITE the yowls of protest that went up when Republican National Chairman Thruston B. Morton tried to pin the "won't do" label on the Eighty-sixth Congress, a good many members of the Democratic majority privately shared Morton's opinion that this past session hadn't done all that was expected of it. They were motivated by more than mere pique at the ease with which a President serving out his final years in office had stolen the show. (The sole triumph in the battle of the Presidential veto was a pork-barrel bill.)

These aggravations only contributed to a deeper frustration caused by the knowledge that Congress, despite its large Democratic majority in both houses, had failed to create a sense of urgency to serve as counterbalance to the lack of urgency displayed by the Eisenhower administration. The Democrats have simply not demonstrated, except in isolated and sometimes irrelevant instances, any basic disagreement with the President's program. They consistently acted as if Congress had only the power to tinker, never the power to establish a new set of priorities in the legislative program.

The discontent has also taken more specific forms. Why, for example, haven't the Democrats been able to provoke an argument comparable to the so-called "great debate" touched off by Senator Robert A. Taft in 1951, which resulted in a sweeping examination of U.S. strategic aims? Why hasn't a Democrat in Congress been able to claim the status of an Arthur Vandenberg, whose advice and consent became a necessary feature of the Truman foreign policy? Why haven't the numerous Presidential hopefuls in the Senate managed to establish more clearly a set of purposes that would express the sense of "dynamism" they are always talking about? Why, at the very least, haven't the Congressional Democrats mounted a steady drumfire of disagreement comparable to that during the latter years of the Hoover administration?

There has been no lack of people who have felt that disagreement is in order. Congress has probably never had a higher quota of able members soberly concerned about problems that go beyond the immediate interests of their constituencies. It has probably never been more free from demagogues or dilettantes. No one who has spent much time watching the exhausting grind on Capitol Hill as the nation's representatives carry out their necessary chores can dismiss their shortcomings as lack of ability or interest in the vital business of government.

Some have tried to speak as the conscience of Congress. From time to time individual members have stood up to express deep anxieties about their common condition. And little knots of colleagues invariably have gathered about to congratulate the speaker for his wisdom, shake his hand, and then go their separate ways. But nothing ever comes of it. It is as if the anguished voice of conscience can't be heard above the din of Congress.

Senator Johnson's Obligation

Where does the fault lie? It seems almost too easy to blame "the leadership" and easier still to blame Lyndon Johnson more than Sam Rayburn, who is seventy-seven and who has never wavered from his concept that a Speaker's responsibility involves a high degree of collaboration with the man in the White House, whether Democrat or Republican. Johnson, in the exuberance of last January, raised high hopes. He made a speech to the Senate Democratic Conference and then, seizing a pencil, underlined

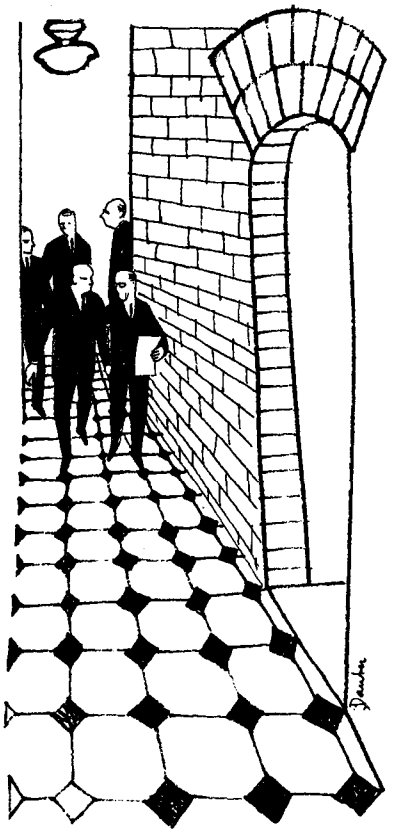
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pertinent sentences for waiting reporters: "We have—by our majority here—an obligation to lead . . . Our mandate is a mandate for confident and constructive leadership—beginning now, not two years hence." To be sure, Johnson also uttered an ambiguous caution: "Our first responsibility is responsibility itself." But there were many who anticipated that his definition of responsibility would permit a more vigorous challenge to the President than Rayburn's. A few Democrats who hadn't read their Constitution lately circulated a wild notion that the majority leader would lay down a stern ultimatum to Eisenhower and, in effect, direct the affairs of state from his new and ornately furnished office just off the Senate Chamber.

For the edification of visitors to that office, Johnson likes to turn on a gadget attached to his telephone which permits them to monitor the messages of exhortation and entreaty that flow in. It is a not too subtle way of exposing the pressures that beset a majority leader as he deals, *primus inter pares,* with his ninety-nine colleagues. Although his powers over the Senate machinery are not even written into the rules, he has by fairly recent custom acquired the right to prior recognition by the presiding officer; and he regularly makes the motions about the order of business and the hours of meeting and adjournment. Johnson also has other advantages as chairman of the Democratic Policy Committee and the Democratic Conference. Still, his powers are by no means as great as they seemed to some last January. A single recalcitrant, as Senator Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) demonstrated during the closing days of this last session, can disrupt the Senate's movement and cause unusual difficulty for the majority leader.

To watch Johnson at work in his office is to become aware of how dedicated he is to the single proposition of making the existing system operative. In another job—say at the White House—he might heed other voices representing more varied constituencies. But as majority leader, he hears the voices of the senators in almost precisely the volume each has been accorded in the Senate hierarchy. His talent is for tactics and timing, and for dealing with each issue as it comes up. It may be argued that a majority leader could be effective in shaping a larger strategy. One thing seems certain: the present majority leader has a fastidious man's abhorrence for messy situations and doesn't care to try.

Blame could be laid elsewhere in Congress: on the Southern Democrats, many of whom used the power of their seniority to stymie any movement in hopes of slowing the advance of civil rights; on the so-called Northern liberal bloc, which has never succeeded in staying in ranks behind a leader or a program or, indeed, in mastering the ground rules of Congress well enough to make



itself count in full measure. Finally, there is ample blame for the Republicans, particularly the more serious-minded among them, who have simply played dead any time a Democrat has tried to provoke a debate on fundamentals.

Knowledge and Power

But the dilemma of Congress lies deeper still. The quest for effective power has become inextricably tied up with the search for the sources of knowledge. Against the vaunted expertise of the Executive, Congress properly feels a keen sense of inferiority that manifests itself in strange ways. Woe to the official who acts arbitrarily to cut off its sources. Lewis Strauss, the first cabinet appointee to be rejected since 1925, annoyed the senators for many reasons. But the central complaint about his prior service as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission was that "He wouldn't tell us the things we need to know."

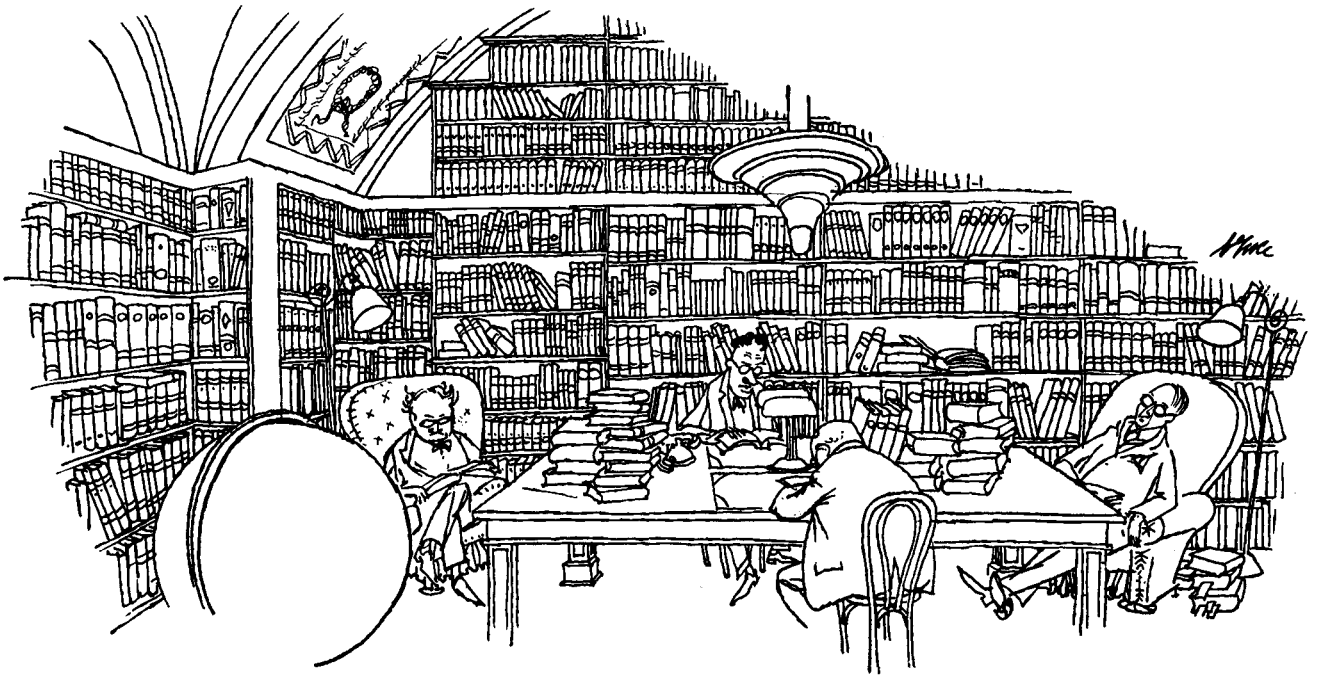
The effort to track down and corral the necessary knowledge engages innumerable posses in Congress. This past session, investigative work increased by more than fifty per cent, with nearly nine million dollars authorized for it. On the Senate side alone, it employed nearly four hundred staff aides. Except for Senator McClellan's labor hearings, most of these investigations did not get a great deal of publicity. Most of them were quiet, scholarly inquiries not intended to grab headlines but to provide the facts necessary for intelligent legislation.

The quest for knowledge has become a new way of life for the ambitious member of Congress. As soon as seniority gives him a crack at a subcommittee chairmanship he is off. The competition for budgetary allocations to conduct hearings is as fierce as the old-time scraps over patronage. Hard-pressed staff directors vie to produce superior rosters of experts who can be lured from the universities and laboratories to serve as witnesses. The more highbrow among the hearings have taken on attributes of graduate seminars.

These inquiries have become enormous clearinghouses of expert knowledge operated on a scale that Congress used to attempt only rarely. A set of hearings being conducted by Senator Paul Douglas for the Joint Economic Committee into "Employment, Growth and Price Levels" is divided into ten subcategories, each continuing over a number of sessions. Published hearings run to tens of dozens of the thick volumes with green or tan covers that Congress dispenses freely to all who express an interest.

Even the current fad among the social scientists for staging elaborate "games" to simulate hypothetical situations has been adopted. Indus-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



trious Representative Chet Holifield (D., California), chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, held hearings last June on nuclear destruction that were postulated on a 263-nuclear-weapon attack against 224 targets in the United States. Witnesses all testified under the conditions of this imaginary exercise.

ONE DISTINCTLY NEW ASPECT of Congress as a vast and diverse research institution has been the recent practice of farming out study projects to private research agencies around the country. Last year the Senate Foreign Relations Committee decided that the time had come for "an exploration in depth of U. S. foreign policies throughout the world." Three hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated for fifteen studies. The mere listing of the subject matter is ponderous, indicating, one suspects, the approach of the academic mind. Study No. 2, for example, which has been assigned to the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, is entitled "The Principal Ideological Conflicts, Variations Thereon, Their Manifestations and Their Present and Potential Impact on Foreign Policy of the United States."

There is something poignant about this latter-day rush to the house of intellect. The poor congressman may fall victim to the special jargon of the academic disciplines. One of the first of the Foreign Relations Committee's study projects to reach fruition this fall is entitled "Possible Nonmilitary Scientific Developments and Their Potential Impact on Foreign Policy Problems of the United States." The conclusion, in ninety-seven pages of weighty words and line graphs, is that scientific developments will indeed have an enormous impact on foreign-policy problems. The first recommendation, naturally, is for a further study of "specific foreign policy problems on which research and development would appear to offer good prospects of beneficial results . . ."

The trouble is that Congress lacks the capacity to assimilate this outpouring of the experts. The reports multiply and gather dust. The congressman grows fretful or, worse, he becomes cynical, hemmed in by his expanding library of unread paperback tomes.

One subcommittee chairman who currently has two study projects contracted out disputes this gloomy view. While conceding that the reports would never be read by his colleagues, he argued that the Congressional imprimatur on them has a tremendous effect in stimulating public interest which in turn would stimulate Congress. Congress, in his description, thus engages in a kind of multicycle agitation process resembling that of a modern washing machine.

Given either a lack of facts or an overabundance of facts, Congress must make its decisions by what Woodrow Wilson once called "our disintegrate methods of legislation." Much has changed since the era of Congressional supremacy in the late nineteenth century that Wilson described in his book *Congressional Government*. Today, in an era of Presidential government, Congress finds more substantive power as an agency of review and veto over the activities of the Executive departments than as a purely legislative body. But the change in role has only aggravated the ailment Wilson wrote about. Power in Congress is still parceled out among the standing committees and, more particularly, the committee chairmen. As government has grown infinitely bigger and more complex, these "petty barons," in Wilson's phrase, have found even greater opportunities to display their strength, sometimes capriciously.

Barons *in Camera*

In their feudal warfare the great committees on appropriation – or rather their various subcommittees– hold marked advantages over the committees that merely authorize expenditures. The techniques of the Appropriations Committees are simple and straightforward. Their members, concentrating on the item-by-item statistics of the budget sheet,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are relieved of the abstractions that so bedevil their colleagues.

Because the House Appropriations subcommittees always operate *in camera,* one gets only inklings of the seigniory that makes men like Otto E. Passman and John J. Rooney and George Mahon, comparatively unknown elsewhere, awesome figures in Washington. They guard their domains jealously, to the point of excluding from the subcommittee sessions other members from the full committee. They work harder and longer hours than anyone else in Congress and get little public attention for it. They must work at great speed to make decisions of staggering importance, and without sufficient information. What standards of accountancy, for example, can be employed when the Appropriations subcommittee on Defense passes on the billion dollars already spent on a nuclear plane with no prototype yet in sight? And yet, before so great a task, they exert their power to the hilt. This session, the two Defense subcommittees went to work with zest rewriting the nation's military strategies, cutting a billion dollars from parts of the Defense Department's budget and adding nearly a billion to other parts. (The total approved by Congress, oddly, came to within $20 million of the $39.2 billion requested.) The subcommittees disputed with each other as well as with the Pentagon, the House subcommittee chopping funds for the Bomarc missile while the Senate subcommittee knocked out the Nike-Hercules money. (A compromise finally reduced funds for both types.) The House subcommittee cut out the Navy's request for an additional aircraft carrier; the Senate subcommittee added funds for a nuclear one.

Some have attempted to curb the arrogant tendencies of the Appropriations Committees. This year, Foreign Relations Chairman J. William Fulbright (D., Arkansas) raised one point of order after another against legislative riders affecting foreign policy tucked away in appropriation bills. At the same time, in sponsoring a measure for Treasury financing of the Development Loan Fund, he also tried and failed to remove from the hazards of the Appropriations Committees a program that must be long-term and orderly if it is to succeed. More and more, particularly in the foreign-policy field, there is a realization that it may hurt more than it helps to pull up programs by the roots to give them the annual appropriation treatment.

EARLY LAST SESSION Senator Albert Gore (D., Tennessee) inaugurated a series of evening meetings to which he invited his Democratic colleagues. They met in the Old Supreme Court Chamber in the Capitol, dined, and joined in round-table discussion with invited guests. The Gore gatherings proved tremendously popular and there were even complaints from Republican senators at being excluded. Attempting to explain their attraction, the junior senator from Tennessee remarked thoughtfully, "Nowadays, we don't ever seem to have a chance to get together and talk things over."

It was a strange admission of loneliness from a member of an institution supposedly dedicated to the principle of getting together and talking things over. It hints at the frustration felt by many over the way Congress has failed to come to grips with its business; over the way it sublets its powers and has to devise hasty strategies to get around self-imposed roadblocks. These lonely men sense at times that too much of their business is being farmed out—to the experts, who bring it back more complicated than ever, and to the committee barons, who have both the power and an itch to make it felt.

For some, particularly in the Senate, there is always a form of escape on the floor. So they go and speak. Yet the listener in Congress cannot help but be struck by how little, despite the flow of oratory, they really "talk things over." There is no shortage of monologists. Bold ideas, plans, programs are daily set forth with great eloquence; launched, for the most part, into the thin air of a nearly deserted hall. Perhaps a first long step in getting anyone to listen to Congress is for Congress to figure out better ways of listening to itself.

De Gaulle Breaks the Ice

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE VERY BOLDNESS of President de Gaulle's radio-television message to the nation on September 16, with its dramatic offer of self-determination for Algeria, threw his domestic adversaries off balance and paralyzed their reflexes during a brief but decisive period. Before unveiling his plan the president had discussed its essential features with a number of army officers in Algeria and a few key Gaullist leaders in Paris; nobody seemed shocked. Yet as de Gaulle finally delivered the message, subtly underscoring some of its most provocative passages with his rumbling, uneven voice and using the allusive magic of his style to build up an integrated program that sounded far more revolutionary than the sum of all its parts, it shocked a number of his listeners, including, perhaps, several

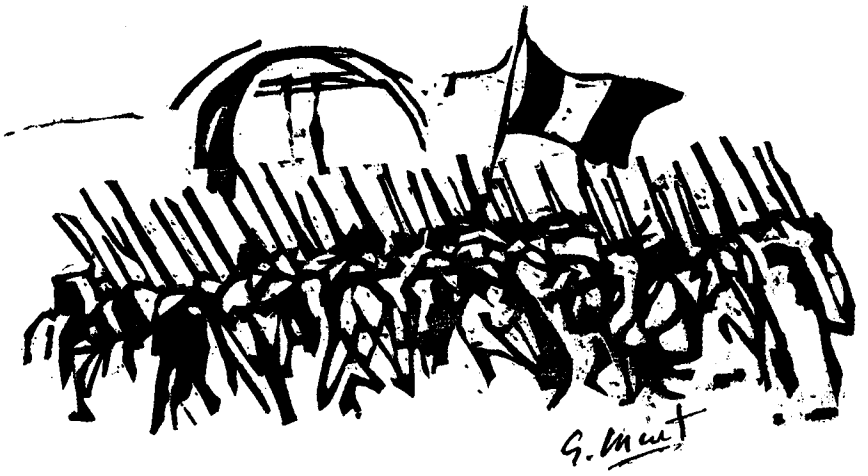
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members of the Debré government. "Nobody could have done more," Georges Izard, a left-wing former critic of de Gaulle's Algerian policies, wrote in *Le Monde* a few days after the speech, "and anyone else who had done as much would have heard two-thirds of the National Assembly clamoring for his indictment before the High Court."

Until recently de Gaulle's primary strategy in dealing with the domestic repercussions of the Algerian question had been to isolate and neutralize the right-wing "ultras" in Algeria and metropolitan France. Now he is attempting a more radical feat of political surgery. By admitting in his radio talk the possibility, however theoretical and remote, of an independent Moslem Algeria, and by invoking, however vaguely, the specter of partition, he implicitly repudiated the *mystique* of a French Algeria that inspired the May 13 coup last year. By indicating his personal preference for a federated Algerian state enjoying a large measure of home rule in the framework of the French Community, he defied the shibboleth of "integration" that has been the main ideological bond among the different elements of his own governmental majority. This naturally infuriated the ultras, but it likewise dismayed many moderate French nationalists and even a number of conservative Gaullists who up to now have been at least lip-service integrationists. In taking the stand he did, de Gaulle drove a wedge into his own political majority that has opened deep fissures in many French parties, especially the conservative Independents and his own U.N.R. (Even the Royalists have split: the day the official Pretender, the Comte de Paris, approved de Gaulle's program, the Algerian Royalist Union thunderously denounced it as compromising his North African heritage.)

Rift and R.A.F.

There is no doubt that de Gaulle knew full well what he was doing. Instead of sugar-coating the pill, he deliberately made it more bitter. Before the speech he ostentatiously refused to receive a delegation of deputies from Algeria representing the "integrationist" lobby in the National Assembly; even the members of the government—with the exception of Premier Debré—were not allowed to see the final text of his talk on the afternoon of September 16, though it had already been put on tape for TV release that night. Clearly de Gaulle intended to provoke a showdown that would force his secret adversaries into the open.



For a few days the integrationists thought they had figured out a counterstrategy that would allow them to continue poisoning the political atmosphere in France as they have done for the last eighteen months, by professing loyalty to de Gaulle while effectively sabotaging his Algerian policy. They proposed to launch without delay a campaign to mobilize public opinion in Algeria and metropolitan France behind "Francisation"—the slightly contemptuous substitute for "integration" which de Gaulle had said would be one of three choices in the eventual Algerian referendum.

Overnight a new but familiar-sounding political committee sprang up to put across "Francisation." It called itself Rassemblement pour l'Algérie Française, or R.A.F.—translated by the integrationist clandestine propaganda machine in Algeria as *Rien à faire, mon Général* (nothing doing, general). Its founders announced—prematurely, as events turned out—that they were going to use the offices of the long quiescent U.S.R.A.F., the committee headed by Jacques Soustelle, former Premier Georges Bidault, former Defense Minister André Morice, and Senator Roger Duchet, boss of the Independents, which had provided cover and psychological support for the organizers of the 1958 conspiracies. By an interesting coincidence, Senator Duchet turned up again as one of the moving spirits of R.A.F.; so did MM. Bidault and Morice. (Soustelle was out of reach on an official trip to the South Pacific.) A number of U.N.R. deputies joined immediately, among them several participants in the May 13 coup. Léon Delbecque, who played a major role in swinging the insurrectionary movement behind de Gaulle and is now an important U.N.R. leader in his own right, denied press reports that he had formally joined the R.A.F. but made it clear that he approved of its objectives and was co-operating with its leaders.

THEN DE GAULLE struck back, fast and hard. Nothing in the constitutions either of the Fifth Republic or of the U.N.R. (to which he does not belong) gives him any authority to interfere in the internal affairs of political parties. But nothing forbids him from talking with anyone he likes, and he used this license to summon Albin Chalandon, the U.N.R. party secretary—who happens to be unpopular with the Soustelle-Delbecque faction—and Louis Terrenoire, the U.N.R. whip in the National Assembly, over to the Elysée for a little talk. These two then organized a series of party caucuses or committee meetings which after prolonged and heated debate produced an unprecedentedly Draconian ruling, seemingly backed by nearly two-thirds of the U.N.R. membership and all the top leaders except Soustelle and Delbecque: no

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member of the U.N.R. would be allowed to join or remain in the R.A.F. Deputies resigning from the party to join the R.A.F. would be expected to resign their parliamentary seats as well.

Opposition to Senator Duchet's frenzied "Francisation" has also developed inside his own Independent Party, though he still seems to command a majority there. Both the U.N.R. and the Independents are threatened with eventual splits, though the final showdown may be delayed for months. When they do occur, Premier Debré, who has been faithful to President de Gaulle in his fashion but not too happy about it all, might find that to survive in the face of the emergent right-wing opposition bloc he would need the support of the Socialists, the Catholic M.R.P., and other despised leftovers from the Fourth Republic.

Principles and Politics

This prospect—implying a cabinet reshuffle, or more likely an eventual dissolution of the Assembly and new elections—has already had a tonic effect on the parties of the Center and Left. Former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, who practically dropped out of public life after his electoral defeat last year, is attempting a comeback under a curious new banner: despite his past criticisms of doctrinaire Marxism, he has joined—together with most of his remaining followers—the Autonomous Socialist Party, a high-minded splinter group that loyal Mendésists hope will now begin to manifest some dynamism. (The party is critical of de Gaulle's Algerian program and calls for peace negotiations with the Moslem rebels.) More to the Center, Félix Gaillard, the youthful president of the Radical Socialist Party and the premier whose government fell during the 1958 crisis, has called on French democrats to forget trivial ideological differences and join in a sort of center-left cartel, pledged, among other things, to support de Gaulle's program for a liberal settlement in Algeria. Gaillard has had some encouragement from former Premier René Pleven, from the M.R.P., and particularly from the boss of the regular Socialists, former Premier Guy Mollet, on whom de Gaulle lavished unusual public attention during a recent presidential visit to the north.

What finally emerges from the current political fermentation is likely to have an important influence both on the destinies of the Fifth Republic and on the chances for early peace in Algeria. Public opinion, long dormant here, has again become significant. For the time being it is more solidly than ever behind de Gaulle and and his Algerian policy, but the disturbing new rise in prices, especially of food, could change the picture. (Pierre Poujade, the tax collector's scourge who helped sabotage the Fourth Republic with his demagoguery, is also trying a comeback this fall.) The army, of course, is still a formidable factor. Reports that it was united behind de Gaulle's Algerian program and that all links between it and the Algerian ultras had been severed appear to have been overoptimistic, but there are no present grounds for fearing that it would countenance a new May 13 in Algeria.

In the final analysis the decisive factor is President de Gaulle. Since September 16 his intentions have seemed clear. Only a handful of fanatics on the Right and utopians on the Left imagine that his aim is to negotiate a French military withdrawal from Algeria rather than to win a political victory for France there. As his radio talk last month demonstrated, de Gaulle realizes that political victory in Algeria is not possible without running political risks both there and at home.

"It is necessary to be noble," remarks the venerable Catholic novelist François Mauriac, chiding his colleagues on the Mendésist *L'Express* over their cool reception of de Gaulle's Algerian program; "but it is also necessary to have some guile."

The FLN reply to de Gaulle's offer has probably postponed a showdown between the integrationists and the anti-integrationist forces in France while making it even more likely to take place. By demanding *de facto* recognition as a precondition to cease-fire talks, the FLN has seemingly spiked any possibility of negotiation in the immediate future, thereby eliminating the Right's greatest worry. But the relatively mild tone of the FLN communiqué has encouraged both the Communist and the non-Communist Left—the former to step up its agitation for peace at any price, the latter to support de Gaulle in any new attempt to break the Algerian deadlock and if necessary to prod him a little.

Wanted: A European Deterrent

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

London

The relationships within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are becoming more paradoxical every day. The smaller European countries, after complaining for years about the dominance of U. S. leadership, have recently been making it clear that they have no intention of accepting the leadership of either Britain or France in its stead. And after the idea of a denuclearized zone in Europe has been argued back and forth for several years, it has become an accomplished fact—not, however, in Germany but in France—with the removal of the American fighter-bombers to Germany and Britain.

As one whose job it now is to travel the length and breadth of the alliance, I find everywhere the same sense that NATO is quietly decaying. There are no dramatics, for there is no single point of dissolution to act as a final challenge. Rather there is a steady discounting among the member governments of the number and importance of the decisions on which they feel it necessary to carry their allies with them. The Eisenhower-Macmillan communiqué from Washington two years ago said: "The arrangements which the nations of the free world have made for collective defense and mutual help are based on the recognition that the concept of national self-sufficiency is out of date. The countries of the free world

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are interdependent. . . ." But interdependence sounded too much like another name for an Anglo-Saxon hegemony in NATO to make immediate appeal in Europe. To France, the word means one thing only—allied backing for de Gaulle's new Algerian policy. To Germany, it means a refusal to soften western policy toward Berlin or East Germany. Even in Britain it has frequently been interpreted as a justification for making unilateral decisions on military problems affecting NATO as a whole. It could well be argued that the United States is the only NATO country that has taken the idea of interdependence seriously.

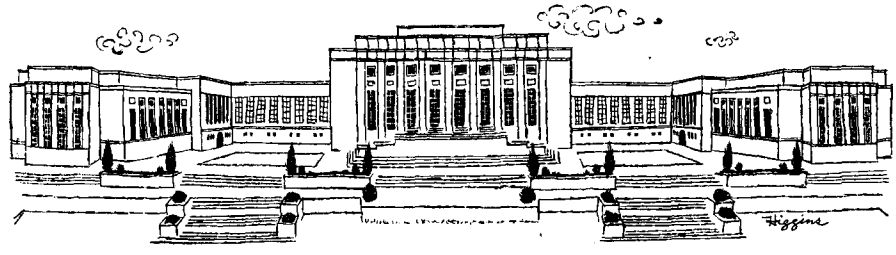
Even the Swiss

Obviously one cannot solve all the problems of a faltering alliance simultaneously. But there is one question that will loom larger and larger in alliance politics and that might disrupt them altogether if a new approach cannot be found. This is the question of a specifically European deterrent.

In both military and political terms, the present situation is highly unsatisfactory. Britain—the only country with which Congress has permitted a full exchange of information—is proceeding with its plans for a liquid-fueled intermediate-range ballistic missile, Blue Streak, which is to be ready sometime around 1963. But like all other missile programs, it is proving much more costly than was anticipated, and the project may have to be drastically modified if not abandoned. The bases for some sixty American Thor IRBMs have also been built in Britain, but they remain outside the operational control of NATO. Agreements have now been reached with the Netherlands, Italy, and Greece for the construction of more Thor sites there under NATO control. But no great confidence is felt in Thor, for it is both vulnerable and slow into action. Sometime in the next year the French bomb will go off, but France will not have any means of delivery against the Soviet Union for several years—and then only in the form of a fast bomber, the Mirage IV.

If nothing were done, the retaliatory capability of Western Europe as a whole would be truly dubious in three or four years hence. All along there has been a school of thought there, of which Brigadier General Pierre Gallois of France is the leading exponent, that this will not greatly matter; that the Soviet Union, even with its great strength in IRBMs, could never demolish the whole of this capability in one blow; and that the capacity of, say, France to demolish even one Soviet city is sufficient to deter attack. But the danger is that as the American retaliatory bases become increasingly centered in North America itself, and hence the deterrent power—of bases in Europe. Clearly, what is needed is a large number of dependable IRBMs in Europe, sited according to geographic and not national considerations—that is, where they can be best protected. A large number means a relatively cheap missile, while dependability means a solid fuel and not too elaborate an electronic system.

Both considerations point for the moment to a land-based version of the Polaris missile. But Polaris is not really designed as a land-based missile, and could at best be only an interim weapon. What must be designed, produced, and located in Europe is an IRBM designed for the purpose—so that as the strategic equation between the United States and the Soviet Union becomes more stable and unbreakable from the mid-1960's, Europe itself need have no fear that it is a vulnerable no man's land outside the sphere of American protection.



every NATO power in Europe that has the technical and economic resources will be encouraged to develop its own nuclear capability, however rudimentary, in order to purchase immunity from attack, and perhaps gain a "trigger" to set off an American retaliation. The view now seriously put forward in neutral Sweden and Switzerland—namely that the capacity to demolish one Soviet city is the best insurance of a small country's survival—increases this tendency toward a policy of *sauve qui peut* among the European members of NATO.

This prospect is frightening. A series of separate European deterrents would be extremely inefficient and costly. They would be exceedingly dangerous, increasing the chances of accidental war and supporting the Soviet argument that NATO is an aggressive alliance. It is these arguments which have provided the rationale for the British Labour Party's latest policy statement advocating that Britain should become the leader of the "non-nuclear club," leaving nuclear weapons solely to the United States and the Soviet Union. But the idea of a non-nuclear club has fallen on deaf ears across the Channel, even among the European Socialist Parties.

Moreover, the idea of independent deterrents rests on quite false assumptions about the defensibility—

A New High Authority?

If this is one of the principal strategic requirements of the 1960's, how is it to be met? Who is to finance a European deterrent? Who is to design it? Who is to control it? For America to hand out Polaris or other missiles to its European allies, with no form of control, would be fatal. Within a month after Germany or Turkey had received theirs, the Scandinavian members—and probably Britain as well—would be out of the alliance.

There are two broad alternatives: the formation of a European strategic deterrent with American encouragement, or the formation of a NATO deterrent under a new form of NATO authority.

The idea of two separate systems of deterrence in NATO—one North American and one European—has many attractions both for Europeans and Americans. It would satisfy the desire, so evident in France and Ger-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many, to become less strategically dependent on the United States; it would also satisfy the long-standing desire of American liberals for a strong and self-reliant Europe. But it suffers from some crippling defects. In the first place, the European Six—or even the Western European Union (the Six plus Britain)—does not comprise the whole of NATO in Europe, and to set up an integrated force based on either would cut across the whole command structure of NATO which it has taken so many years of patience to evolve. Moreover, it is very unlikely that Britain, given its strong feeling about its special relationship with Washington, would cut the trans-Atlantic cable in the interests of such a dubious cross-Channel link. Finally, it is very doubtful if it would be strategically feasible for Western Europe to build a credible deterrent on its own in less than a decade, even with American encouragement.

THE MORE REALISTIC alternative of a system of deterrence in Europe under the control of NATO itself also involves a more adventurous leap into supranationalism. Such a program cannot be achieved on a basis of co-operation and unanimous agreement, which has been NATO's operating rule hitherto. It will require tough and unpopular decisions that Country "A" must have *x* number of missile sites for reasons of geography and terrain, while Country "B" has *y*—or none. It involves sorting out the competing views of firms, designers, and military staffs on fuel or guidance systems, designs, sites, control systems, and a hundred other problems which, if left to the process of ordinary negotiation, might take half a century to resolve. It cannot be done without American leadership and experience; yet the United States—its energies already taxed by the problems of intercontinental deterrence and with no direct national interest in an IRBM of the kind needed by Europe—cannot be expected to bear the whole load.

The speediest and surest way to meet these requirements is to set up a strong new authority in NATO—similar, on an Atlantic scale, to the High Authorities that have been developed by the European Six. This does not necessarily involve turning NATO into any kind of federal system—which the NATO powers are, if anything, less ready to accept than they were a decade ago. It does not necessarily mean altering the role of the North Atlantic Council, that body of permanent ambassadors which is the highest day-to-day political authority in the alliance, and which can take decisions only by unanimous consent. What now seems needed is the creation in parallel of a functional authority to deal with the missile, air-defense, and anti-submarine systems, serving a regional rather than a national purpose. Such an authority would have to operate on a system of weighted voting that would give power to the various countries according to their size or their contribution to the programs, and thus create a real incentive to nations like Britain and France to give it their fullest support. Surprisingly enough, Paul-Henri Spaak, the secretary-general of NATO, usually considered a champion of the smaller countries, came out categorically in favor of such a system of weighted voting when he addressed the Atlantic Congress in London on June 7. If the new functional authority were headed by a dynamic European it could command wide European support, including probably that of Britain.

A Project for Scientists

But the development of a dependable missile system in Europe is only one facet of the problem confronting the alliance. As the practical limitations on the use of nuclear weapons become clearer and clearer, so it becomes more urgent to match the diversity of Soviet strength by a rapid improvement of the non-nuclear defense of Europe. The reason why Soviet conventional forces are so much better equipped than even those of the United States is quite simple. The Korean War forced the United States and its allies to undertake a crash production program of a large number of Second World War types of tanks, guns, and vehicles, which the western governments—democratic financial processes being what they are—were unwilling to replace before they were worn out. The Soviet Union, fighting the Korean War only by proxy, had no such problem, so that throughout the last few years the Red Army has been steadily supplied with greatly improved types of conventional weapons.

There is an increasing measure of agreement among experts on both sides of the Atlantic that NATO needs a new Manhattan Project embracing the best scientific brains in the West to exploit the potential revolution in non-nuclear firepower and in conventional explosives, propellants, and guidance systems that lies around the corner. In general, it has been nuclear weapons and the more glamorous missile projects that have attracted scientific genius in the past decade. Yet it seems probable that if the new generation of Oppenheimers, Fermis, and Cockcrofts could concentrate its ability on conventional weapons, in three or four years NATO could reap benefits in the development of usable forms of military strength that would provide the basis for a tactical balance with the Soviet Union in Western Europe.

But the difference between the original Manhattan Project and any similar project for conventional weapons shows what a long way the alliance has to travel to achieve an effective concept of interdependence. In the early 1940's nuclear power was wholly unrelated to commercial interests; in the late 1950's the design and development of conventional weapons has become enmeshed in a web of national and commercial interests. There are small but encouraging signs that it is beginning to break down. For instance, the United States is now buying French antitank missiles for use in its European forces, and Britain, Germany, and France are moving toward an agreement on a common specification for a new medium tank. But there still is a great distance to go before there is anything approaching a common NATO policy for an increase of conventional strength.

It can be argued that this is the biggest challenge confronting the West today. Chairman Khrushchev is certain that the alliance cannot surmount its conflict of special interests. A common armament policy might go far to convince him that NATO, like the Soviet Union, has its own capacity for growth.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan's Empty Kindergartens

DENIS WARNER

Tokyo

THE HELICOPTERS that hover above the residential suburbs of Tokyo exhorting parents to send their children to the privately owned kindergartens that sprang up all over the country in the early 1950's usually hover in vain: there are only about half as many children to send as there were when the kindergartens were built.

In 1949 nearly 10.5 million infants in the one-to-four age group filled the homes of Japan; today there are only 6.5 million. And though the population of Japan will continue to increase for another thirty years, there is now good reason to believe that thereafter it will level off and even begin to decline. The crude birth rate has already fallen from a peak of 34 per thousand in 1949 to 18, which compares with about 17 in the British Isles and Switzerland, 18 in France, 24 in the United States, 23 in Australia, and 28 in Canada. Viewed in its Asian perspective, the rate is even more startling. Burma, the Philippines, Pakistan, and Thailand have crude birth rates of about 50 per thousand—a population growth that threatens to destroy even the most generous foreign-aid programs and the best-laid plans for economic development.

In Japan a decade ago the future looked no less bleak. The population stood at 72.2 million in 1945. The returning armies swelled this total. In 1946 the marriage rate reached its peak. So did the birth rate. From a prewar average of about two million a year, births leaped in 1947 to 2,579,000 and were even higher in the next two years.

TO MANY Japanese economists and demographers the prospect seemed beyond hope. Between 1939 and 1949 the population had increased by ten and a half million. In terms of population, Japan was now the fifth largest country in the world. But in area it was smaller than California. Moreover, as the birth rate went up, the death rate came down. From 17.3 per thousand at the beginning of the Second World War, it had dropped to 11.9 by 1949 and today stands at 7.4.

To the economy of postwar Japan, bereft of its mainland empire, cut off from its raw materials, and with no means of supplying its former markets, this situation promised only disaster. Largely because of the fear of American religious reactions, however, population control remained beyond the scope of the Occupation's reforms. It was understood by Occupation officials that so far as they were concerned, birth control for the Japanese was, and would remain, out. Nor did there seem any likelihood that the Japanese people, for their part, would voluntarily accept

any form of birth control. A son was the cornerstone of the Japanese family system; a childless wife lacked status.

The Pressure of Poverty

Yet by 1949 it had become apparent that Japanese newlyweds were beginning to reject the demands of family in the greater need to save themselves further impoverishment. Abortion had been made legal by the 1948 Eugenics Protection Law. Since innumerable abortions were being performed illegally, the Japanese government took note of what had become widespread practice and permitted abortions for any undefined "physical or economic reason."

The Japanese people responded immediately. Reported cases of induced abortions rose sharply from the 1949 figure of 246,000, reaching a million in 1953 and a peak of 1,170,000 in 1955. Until 1951 little information was available in Japan about family planning. The manufacture of contraceptives had not been prohibited, but their sale was permitted only as preventives for venereal diseases. Though efforts were made by the manufacturers and others to encourage the use of contraceptives, it was not until 1950 that the Japanese government, now committed to the limitation of population growth as a matter of policy, made a substantial effort to curb the abortion rate by the dissemination of birth-control information.

Existing midwifery clinics throughout Japan also became birth-control clinics. Through the welfare ministry, 855 centers, known as Eugenic Protection Advice bureaus, began to give guidance, individually and collectively, on family planning. Their work brought speedy results. A sample survey conducted by the Institute of Population Problems, an offshoot of the welfare ministry, revealed that twenty-eight per cent of married couples in the cities were practicing birth control in 1952; by 1958 the numbers had risen to sixty per cent. In the country the percentage was lower, though it rose from twenty-two per cent in 1952 to forty per cent in 1958.

A slight decline in the number of cases of induced abortions reported to the welfare ministry also suggests that the Japanese people are moving slowly toward the limitation of births by less dangerous means. But there is no thought of amending the Eugenics Protection Law to restrict abortions, which cost as little as $3.

Despite the sizable reduction in the birth rate and Japan's remarkable economic recovery, underemployment and the great number of children born just after the war who are now making their way through the classrooms toward the main stream of the Japanese economy remain serious causes for current concern. "We've had one baby boom and we just couldn't afford another," a senior official in the Economic Planning Bureau told me. "There may come a day when abortions will be unnecessary. That day hasn't come yet."

Comforts vs. Communism

Among older people who produced large families in spite of the hardships involved so that they could

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expect to be taken care of by their children in their old age, there is, as might be expected, some strong criticism of youth and its approach to life. What began among the younger generation primarily as a protest against poverty, however, has survived to become a prerequisite to the better life. The flow of consumer goods into the average Japanese house is the best family-planning propaganda. This is true of both urban and rural populations. A Japanese peasant home at the end of the Second World War lacked all creature comforts. Today the rice cooks in an electric pot, and a washing machine often stands beside the TV set. With installments to pay and new goods to buy, the young couples find that there simply isn't money enough for more children.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this dramatic reversal in Japanese population trends — for Japan and its neighbors. A European standard of living is already in sight, and with all such improvements come further self-constructed ideological defenses. Communism is still articulate in Japan, still maneuvering for leadership among the unions, still attractive to many badly paid intellectuals; but the danger of the Communists' becoming a significant internal threat in the foreseeable future was never more remote. For this the policy limiting population growth must receive at least a share of the credit.

INTERNATIONALLY, the predictable leveling off of Japan's population will remove a sensitive and potentially explosive element from the western Pacific. Australia, for instance, began its postwar immigration program on the assumption that it would have to be prepared to meet a resurgent and overpopulated Japan. The Philippines, Malaya, Singapore, and Indonesia for years remained afraid that Japan would look again for "living space." Today the pressure is lessening.

What is perhaps even more important, the country has demonstrated to the rest of overpopulated, underdeveloped Asia that family planning need not wait on an improved living standard but can actually make an important contribution toward its achievement.

Paradise on the Installment Plan

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

FORTY THOUSAND Florida real-estate men are selling three million homesites so rapidly to the seven million tourists who visit the state every year, to the three thousand new residents who arrive every week, and to the hundreds who mail in ten-dollar checks every day that Florida is hard put to hold on to all this business: one development is technically in Alabama. This is the little island of Pineda, a few miles west of the Florida border in Mobile Bay, which will soon be sliced into 2,148 water-front lots. It is distinctively Floridian, however, for three Fort Lauderdale men are putting a million dollars into it, and a sizable portion of the money will be spent to raise eight hundred acres safely above high tide.

There are other signs of the current fever, among them the fact that in its 1959 session the Florida legislature chartered cities that do not exist. Even by late summer not a family lived in either Royal Palm Beach or Lauderhill; the legislature acted on nothing more substantial than the developers' plans.

Florida's confidence in the boom of the 1950's is immense; a local editor who warned that chartering paper cities is uncomfortably similar to the practices of the 1920's encountered active resentment among his subscribers. But most writers who visit Florida to report on the boom are asked to find some other word for it for the sensible reason that linking "Florida" and "boom" will inevitably call up in the minds of older readers the concomitant "bust." This preoccupation with words is understandable, for most of the difficulties three decades ago grew from the wild imprecision with which words were used.

In those days developers of low-lying inland properties often described them as "Heights" and "Mountains." The highest point in the state is 345 feet above sea level, but "Mount Dora" and "Mount Pleasant" were founded without visible embarrassment, and 325-foot Iron Mountain was described as "the pinnacle between New Jersey and Mexico." Investigating one widely advertised development, the National Better Business Bureau found the ultimate: "Baldwin Heights" was under water.

Official precedents for remaking the state verbally were provided by the Florida legislature. When commercial fishermen wanted to catch bass in the fresh waters of Lake Okeechobee the year round but were blocked by the closed season on bass in fresh waters, fresh Okeechobee became salty by statute. The taking of fish with seines on inland waters was illegal. When this became an annoyance to those who wanted to seine Okeechobee mullet, it was decided that since a mullet had a gizzard it could not be a fish.

IN THE 1950's as in the 1920's, some developers have sold land so soggy that it might have been purchased as easily by the gallon as by the acre. "Florida's Best Buy For $265" turned out to be watery lots in remote areas of the Everglades, offered by an ex-convict who had once extended blanket invitations to senior citizens to get rich quick by buying and raising chinchillas.

Another incident oddly reminiscent of the twenties occurred a few weeks ago when an inventive press agent inadvertently toppled his own construction company with nothing more substantial than words. The company, which was building five hundred homes along the Florida east coast and had sold only fifteen per cent of them, held options on additional land in both Florida and Georgia. To inspire confidence, the press agent got out a free-flowing release announcing that the company was buying the land and paying $32 million for it. Reading that, the company's creditors closed in, and the president of the company disappeared.

These blemishes on the boom—and memories of the bust of the 1920's—have inspired a network of paradoxes. The same Florida legislature that chartered the paper cities

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave the Florida Real Estate Commission a stronger version of a 1956 act requiring truth in real-estate advertising. Most state officials are certain that this boom is solid—but they warn prospective purchasers to inspect Florida property before buying it. Giant corporations are competing fiercely in Florida—but not one of the giants can afford to have a competitor collapse because of the inevitable destruction of "the new Florida image."

Biggest of the Big

Perhaps the strangest of the paradoxes involves the most successful of the big operations, General Development Corporation. It has become the General Motors of the real-estate business during the past two years, constructing more homes (2,504 in 1958) than any other builder and selling more lots (39,791 in 1958) than any other realtor. This has been accomplished through the splashiest real-estate promotion launched from Florida since the 1920's.

General Development's annual two-million-dollar advertising campaign, offering homesites in paradise by mail for ten dollars down and ten dollars a month, is an inevitable reminder of the 1920's and creates the inevitable suspicions. However, in contrast to the image cast by its advertising, General Development is one of Florida's more conservative builders, carrying over some of the practices of the Mackle Company, the once small fifty-one-year-old firm that builds homes, commercial and recreational structures, and utility installations in all General Development communities. The Mackle brothers—Elliott, Frank, and Robert—own the Mackle Company and are the operating officers of General Development. They will not build homes speculatively, even though most of their competitors take that chance to get the head start it affords.

General Development has undergone investigations of one kind and another almost from its beginnings, and it has invariably received passing marks. A long, effusive letter heavy with phrases like "remarkable record" and "truly outstanding" was written to a General Development official by the vice-president of the National Better Business Bureau. (Copies of the letter are hanging in every model home in their Port Charlotte development on the west coast.) In part as a result of satisfying those who poke into its operations, in part because of its flamboyant approach to merchandising real estate (and, one suspects, in part because some real-estate editors who visit Port Charlotte have streets named after them), General Development Corporation has been prospering hugely. The company owns nine developments in Florida—three of them large enough to qualify as complete cities—and reported sales of homes and homesites totaling $22,500,000 in 1957 and $41,100,000 in 1958. This year's sales are running strongly ahead of 1958; the company sold more than $40 million in homesites alone during the first six months of 1959. (General Development, like most other Florida developers, records the full sales price as soon as a homesite buyer makes a down payment.)

The first great volume of homesite sales came through the mail to the corporation's Miami headquarters in response to magazine advertisements (a quarter page in *Life* drew seventeen thousand inquiries), and mail orders still account for a large proportion of sales. However, the company now has contracts with realtors who serve 177 cities throughout the United States, and they are making larger percentages of the total sales every month.

'It's Cold Up Here'

Most out-of-state realty agents selling Florida homes and lots for General Development operate like Sidney Mensh of Washington, D.C., who also has offices in Southern states. Mensh has continued his own long-established real-estate business in the same quarters, but his offices have been furnished with almost everything Floridian short of a beach. His mobile units, decorated with Florida scenes and thick with signs proclaiming "35 Cents a Day Buys a Lot the Mackle Way," are now ranging the Washington metropolitan area. During the cold months from October until April, he and his assistants will cover all the states between Washington and Florida, showing eight-minute films narrated by entertainment personalities. (John Cameron Swayze has long been a featured salesman by movie; Jack Paar is reportedly joining up.)

An even more colorful promotion is being waged by the biggest of the General Development sales agencies, Charlex Realty Corporation. The main office in Newark, a mélange of walnut, tangerine, brilliant blue, and canary yellow, epitomizes the high-key selling of thirty-six-year-old board chairman Herman Perl, who once told an interviewer, "I don't know very much about real estate. I know how to sell."

Perl took over the company when its three New York City salesmen were lagging along with thirty sales a month. Plugging something he called "early and vigorous retirement," he has opened offices in ten Northern states and hired hundreds of salesmen—including two who sell lots to Americans in Paris and Frankfurt—counseling them to approach a prospect "when he is with his family, when he is relaxed, and when security is uppermost in his mind." Bits of Florida went on display in Grand Central Terminal—drawing a thousand leads a month from wistful New Yorkers last winter—and in thirteen other railroad and air terminals, and ten Volkswagen busses went on the road. Eleven months after Perl took over Charlex, he said the company was selling a million dollars' worth of Florida lots a week.

A Charlex salesman who has sold homesites to people making less than $75 a week offered the insight of experience into the peculiar lure of Florida land: "Why shouldn't they buy? They're getting old and it's cold up here and the whole country may go to hell in a basket, but they've got that little place in Florida, and for just ten dollars a month."

None of General Development's rich competitors tries to match its hard-sell tactics or the the size of its 91,000-acre Port Charlotte develop-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, but two of them, Arvida Corporation and Lefcourt Realty Corporation, are usually included, along with General Development, in Florida's "Big Three." Approximately four hundred other developers whose operations involve at least one hundred acres are working Florida; there are three times as many brokers and agents now as there were ten years ago. Their billboards cover the land along the coastal highways, and many on Florida's southwest coast have tacked smaller signs along the bottom offering lots for $8 down and $8 a month and $1 down and $1 a week (with the small print requiring the purchase, often, of at least two lots).

One of the smaller developers, caught between Port Charlotte and Lehigh Acres, which is nearly as large if not nearly so successful, was a bitter loser. "It doesn't matter to those big guys what they pay for land —$100 an acre or $1,000 an acre. The big cost for them is advertising and development. You pay $125,000 for an ad in *Reader's Digest* and you've got to get it back by selling lots. You rent draglines and 'dozers at $14 an hour and you've got to get it back. I can't compete with people who can do that."

Some of the smaller developers are working North Florida, up above the frost line where the giants won't go. Many of them have been forced into the less desirable inland areas of South Florida. Almost everywhere along the back roads of South Florida except for the swamplands, one who tires of watching scrub cattle root a meal out of the sand can divert himself with signs—15th Street, 14th Street, Joel Blvd.—long before reaching the small clusters of new homes where the developments begin.

What About Taxes?

Most of the new Floridians, secure now in subdivisions that show every sign of solidity, probably need not fear that their developers will fail. However, they should give some attention to the eventual penalties of the state's popularity.

Florida had a population of 2,800,000 in 1950. The Census Bureau estimates that there are now 4,600,000 Floridians and that the state will be the eighth most populous by 1970, with 7,000,000 residents. This is

enough to make most boosters delirious, but some of the older residents of the state find it a reason for worry.

The state government and most county and city governments are now hard pressed to meet expenses. The major difficulty stems from the constitutional provision which requires that tax assessors grant each homeowner an exemption of $5,000 on his property taxes. Most Florida homes are worth more than $5,000, but some assessors have been induced to value $10,000-to-$15,000 homes at $5,000. The respected *Kiplinger Florida Letter* reported recently that the value of tax-free property exceeds the value of taxable property in eleven Florida counties, with a great many other counties near that mark.

Governor Collins has been urging for years that property be assessed at its full cash value, but few assessors will go along. Services are so far behind in some areas, however, that assessments will be forced up. The New York *Times* reported that Charlotte County had to move five classrooms into churches and other buildings last year, that indigent care was expected to double, and that the Punta Gorda Hospital needs a $400,000 wing to take care of the increased patient load. As a result, the tax assessment is expected to go up from forty per cent to eighty per cent of value.

Services are inadequate in most of the expanding areas of South Florida. This was foreseen by some of the larger developers (who are trying to create entire cities rather than subdivisions as a result), but the strain of providing for all the new subdivision residents is far too much for most cities and counties. Dade County (Miami) residents are now served, after a fashion, by sixty-six water and sewer companies; neighbors have compared bills and learned that one may be paying five times as much as another for the same amount of water. The hookup charges for linking a home to a water main have ranged from $200 to $750, and an engineering firm that was hired by Dade County reported that some water companies were only partially treating the water they sold. Sewerage systems (some of them installed and operated by water companies) are being extended, but the South Florida standby, the septic tank, can still be found almost anywhere. Some builders have installed both septic tanks and wells on small lots—a dangerous practice.

Hospital facilities, as important to Florida's future as any other services, may already be more inadequate than any other. Many aged residents have brought their medical problems with them; more are coming. Twenty per cent of all Floridians approved for old-age assistance have lived in the state ten years or less. Since 1950, Florida's aged population has increased eighty-five per cent, compared with a national average of twenty-five per cent.

The needs have long been recognized, and the prospect is for higher taxes to meet them. It is not a pleasant prospect for pensioners, and it may be almost as unpleasant for others. Florida, which was one of the original "right-to-work" states, still pays off mostly in sunshine. Increasing industrialization has created more than 80,000 new jobs since 1955, but even those in the manufacturing industries average only $1.75 an hour against a national average of $2.23 an hour. Many others draw very low salaries: policemen in some of the smaller cities make less than fifty dollars a week; some local government workers in big Dade County are paid less than $250 a month.

IT LOOKS as if Florida may some day be like any other state, only warmer. "Can't you see that Florida is exactly where California was twenty years ago? Why, in twenty more years we'll catch them," a real-estate man recently said to a difficult customer. "That," the customer replied, "is what I'm afraid of."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Royalty on the Farm

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS a few weeks ago telling of the prospective birth of another member of the British royal family told also of the enthusiasm with which the news was received. In a special story headed "LONDON IS AGOG," the New York *Times* said: "There was great excitement everywhere, in shops, pubs and buildings. Friends hailed one another with the simple greeting: 'Isn't it wonderful news?' or 'I told you so.' "

One doesn't know, of course, just how many people exchanged these simple greetings; it is possible that the correspondent had a fairly well-developed sense for what people in shops, pubs, and also buildings are supposed to say on such occasions. However, I couldn't help contrasting this enthusiasm, actual or improved, with the response which similar news would have produced (or failed to produce) in the circles in which I moved as a youngster.

This was in the County of Elgin on the north shore of Lake Erie in what was still unabashedly called the British Empire, and the ethnic situation is of some importance. Large parts of what is now the Province of Ontario were settled from the Scotch Highlands in the first half of the last century, and quite a bit of Elgin County was so populated about a hundred and thirty years ago. Even in my youth there were many roads where the only families without the prefix "Mac" to their surnames were the Camerons, the Grahams, and the Robbs. On some there was a clear majority of MacCallums, nearly all of them named John. In the northern part of the township where I was born, there was a solid settlement of Campbells grouped, not inappropriately, around a town called Campbellton.

Had my neighbors been accused of disloyalty to the Crown, they would have denied it. They did not strike such attitudes, especially on matters of no pressing importance. But one could be loyal and still have grave misgivings about the royal establishment. This was the case.

History was the source of some of the doubts. A number of the Scotch who came to Canada in the century following the Battle of Culloden in 1746 did so to escape what they believed to be English persecution of the clans. It is also likely that some who came out of purely fiscal motives developed the loftier explanation after the fact. By my time most of this had been forgotten in the heavy work of clearing away the hardwood forests and making the land into farms. But there remained the vague feeling that the English and their rulers had been unkind to our ancestors. It is true that if the matter were pressed too far, some retarded historian might have mentioned the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots.

MORE IMPORTANT in shaping these attitudes was the famous (to Canadians) Family Compact of the early part of the nineteenth century. This was a small closely knit oligarchy which, during the years of settlement, dominated the political, ecclesiastical, and commercial life of Upper Canada for its own unquestioned profit. At its apex were the governing officials of the Crown, whose posts were considered especially suitable for retired British generals, regardless of qualification. Inside, automatically, was anyone of aristocratic lineage or some reasonable substitute. One popular substitute was a passionate and articulate devotion to the queen and all the royal family. Mostly outside were the Scotch. The insiders believed with reason that the monarchy was a buttress of their political, social, and financial privileges and never ceased to admire and defend it for that reason. This made it hard for the Scotch to be equally royal, and they were not.

With the passage of time, and especially after the confederation of the provinces into the fully self-governing Dominion in 1867, the Scotch gained political equality and something approaching social acceptability. But the old attitudes and animosities persisted. Until well along in this century, the city of Toronto yielded to none in the entire Empire or Commonwealth in its adoration of royalty unto and including the most distant royal duke. Still visible on the Toronto skyline is a castle built by a rich and worried utilities magnate who was oppressed by the thought that there was no place where Edward VII could stay in suitable state were he to visit Canada. The rich and well-born continuing to feel this way, it was natural that others should con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinue to feel otherwise. Rural Elgin contained no rich and certainly no well-born. Many of its political attitudes, including the marked preference of the farmers for the Liberal Party, traced directly or indirectly to the time of the Family Compact.

OF GREATER immediate importance were the questions of expense and drink. The first was quite straightforward. Apart from an infinitesimal amount to support the governors-general, the representatives of the king in Canada, who if not royal themselves were always impressively regal, Canadians paid no taxes to support the monarchy. But my neighbors disliked unnecessary expense even when it was shouldered by Englishmen. My earliest political recollection is of debate over the cost of the royal establishment—the numerous palaces, carriages, servants, and the royal yacht. Neil MacAlpine, an authority on many matters, thought the total might run to two or three thousand dollars a day or (say) a hundred dollars for every hour of the twenty-four. This was staggering, and I have always thought that Neil was the real originator of the calculations that now tell us what the Federal government costs each time the clock ticks. In what was assumed to be sound public relations for the Crown, newspapers like the Toronto *Mail* and *Empire* carried accounts of the royal progresses from Buckingham to Windsor to Sandringham to Balmoral. In our circles, this only added to the impression of intolerable expense.

The question of drink was more complicated. The royal family was believed to be bibulous. I do not know the grounds for this. Perhaps it owed something to the expansive personality of Edward VII. I do recall my father, who tried to be fair-minded about such matters, saying there was no evidence that George V drank as much as did Edward. The impression may also have owed something to the appearance of some of the governors-general. To the not untutored eyes of the local experts, they looked like men given to belting the bottle. Some were.

IN THIS COMMUNITY everyone was ardently opposed to liquor, an aversion which was firmly grounded on the manner of its consumption. In the neighboring town of Dutton there were two hotels—the Queens Hotel and the more felicitously named McIntyre House. Every Saturday night until the First World War, a small but rugged segment of the community gathered under the tolerant sign of the clan McIntyre for that most arduous of entertainments, a Scottish saturnalia. At least that is how they were described by those who did not attend. And from time to time fights did break out with broken whisky bottles as the weapons, and these, it was known locally, could do damage to the complexion even of a MacPherson.

Drinking, therefore, was identified with these mortal assaults on the peace. Since everyone, including the participants when sober, greatly deplored them, anyone who was addicted to strong drink was suspect, and there was no local experience with any other kind of drink. No one imagined that George V, were he to show up at the McIntyre House of a Saturday evening, would be found brandishing a bottle and challenging the Campbells to combat. But, by one of the more remote forms of guilt by association, he was identified with such behavior.

Proximity to the United States also had some effect on our attitudes. Countries, like people, gain in distinction and self-esteem by reflecting on the things that make them different from their associates. Canadians have always reflected with considerable pride on the things—the impeccable judiciary, the parliamentary system, the two languages, the rich minerals, the rugged climate—that differentiate them from their nearest associate, the United States. And many have thought the possession of a king or queen a considerable point. In Elgin, however, we were only about a hundred miles from Detroit. And among our average-born, that city, so far from being regarded with anything like disapproval, was an object of undisguised admiration. When autumn came and the work on the farms slackened, the more enterprising youths made for Windsor. There they entrusted their suitcase to some friend who crossed the border regularly and thus had nothing to fear from the immigration men. Then they crossed informally, explaining, if asked, that they were on their way to one of the movies or burlesque houses up Woodward Avenue from the ferry. After a winter on the assembly line, they returned with a more interesting wardrobe, a pocketful of money, and an assured position for the summer on a social pyramid which, however, had as its apex not King George but Henry Ford.

ALL THESE TENDENCIES were well known, though their existence was never openly conceded, by those who stood foursquare for the monarchy. And corrective measures were taken. At this time, the ardor of the Toronto Tories was still reflected in the schoolbooks, and at the normal schools it was made clear to the fledgling teachers that they should inculcate a love for king and country, with considerable emphasis on the former. We sang "God Save the King" in school (along with "The Maple Leaf Forever") and sometimes we were allowed to sing the now suppressed stanza that respectfully instructed God to undertake political sabotage and subversion inside the ranks of the king's enemies. Once or twice each year we were visited by the school inspector appointed for Elgin County by the Province of Ontario. A staunch imperialist named Mr. Taylor, he felt it his duty to offset the dubious home environment of the pupils (and of some teachers) by always concluding his visit with a speech extolling the wisdom and virtue of the royal family and their feeling for every last one of us.

George V, as was perhaps recognized, was not a figure with an instant appeal to schoolchildren. And Queen Mary was impressive at the price of being alarming, at least to anyone from a Canadian farm. Her pictures always showed six or eight strands of pearls wrapped tightly around her neck. One of the girls in school, a thoughtful lass named Edna MacCall, had the interesting theory that these controlled a severe case of goiter and had to be worn night as well as day.

However, if the king and queen lacked something in warmth and friendly appeal, the situation was completely redeemed, in the years following the First World War, by

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, and, still later and more durably, the Duke of Windsor. The prince was then fresh from the terrible fighting on the western front, which, unlike so many Canadians, he had by some miracle survived. (We knew at the time that it was high military policy to use Canadian troops to spearhead attacks. We did not know that the policy on the prince was pretty much the reverse.) In addition to being brave, the prince was good, cheerful, deeply concerned about the welfare of his father's subjects, a keen student of the history and geography of the empire, devoted to his parents and brothers and sister, and full of much innocent fun. The question of alcohol did not arise. The word most often used to describe the prince was "wholesome," which automatically excluded drinking and any other serious sin. Even criticism on grounds of expense was partly forestalled. The prince soon purchased a cattle ranch in Alberta, which seemed to show a willingness to earn at least part of his keep.

WHETHER by accident or design, the late summer and early autumn of 1919 brought to a kind of crescendo the effort to make the royal family both a living and constructive influence in our lives. In mid-August the prince arrived at St. John, New Brunswick, for an extended tour of the Dominion and was greeted by populace, dignitaries, and nine beautiful young girls, all dressed in white presumably to symbolize wholesomeness, each bearing the shield of one of the Canadian provinces. There and in many more addresses in the weeks following, the prince was warmly praised for his heroic role in the hostilities just ended. His replies, adverting accurately to "the modest part which I was able to play in the great war," were taken to signify an almost unbelievably unassuming nature. He did, however, frequently recur to the theme that his knowledge of "the splendid nations of the British Empire was formed, gentlemen, in the trenches, camps, and billets of the western front."

The prince went roughing it in the Lake Nipigon country, piloted a train, spontaneously greeted a Labor Day parade in Ottawa, and saw farms and factories. If he ever deviated for a moment from the behavior befitting an Eagle Scout, we certainly did not hear of it. And checking my memory on these matters a few weeks ago, I discovered that even older hands were impressed. The New York *Times* correspondent who covered the tour wired from Winnipeg an extended account of the prince's visit to the Grain Exchange, where he inquired into the mysteries of trade and bought and sold some tame oats, As the royal visitor made his way across the pit, the *Times* man, in those days also possessed of a keen ear, heard such comments as "a fine kiddo," "a regular fellow," "he'll do," and "a manly-looking chap." "He shows," the reporter observed, "an active curiosity for all such workaday facts and feels the modern sense of the romanticity of such mat-

ters." This would seem to mean that he had an exceptionally wholesome curiosity.

It is not surprising that during all of that year we had a large picture of the Prince of Wales in British officer's dress on the front wall of school. Tacked up next to it was an essay by Edna MacCall which had been read and warmly commended on the occasion of a visit by Mr. Taylor and which was entitled "Why We Love Our Good Prince Charming." I have forgotten the contents, except that it combined a prayer for his good health with the practical suggestion that he give up riding horses. At the time, the prince was having some difficulty staying up.

This was at school. At home, things were very different. In our case, neither the prince nor his parents were welcomed as topics of conversation. Perhaps they were part of the price of free public education. If so, the payment was sufficiently rendered in school.

It was in the process of learning why even such a paragon as the prince could not usefully be mentioned at home that I learned my father's position. A former schoolteacher and a considerable figure in the political life of West Elgin, he passed over the trivia of expense along with the alcohol. He did not entirely deny George V a certain role as a link with history. It gave some added meaning to Elizabeth, Charles I, and Victoria to have a successor still in office. But it was very poor business to have at the head of the state a man whose vast prestige was the purest accident of parentage. Legitimatize such accidents here and you excused them everywhere. It helped sanction even the pretensions and possibly the prices of the local dry-goods hierarchy in Dutton itself. If the prince were all that he was cracked up to be, he would have no difficulty qualifying for the succession in open competitive examination. If he lost out, it would be to a better man. I have never been able to see the defects in this argument.

LAST SUMMER, as everyone knows, the queen and Prince Philip made a royal progress through Canada. There were complaints of indifference on the part of my former compatriots. (There were also complaints about the Canadians who said there was indifference.) Some of my Canadian friends think it will be the last such visit. It wasn't a failure; by the arcane standards by which such rituals are appraised, it may even have been a mild success. But lurking just below the surface, some think, was the possibility of trouble, which is to say a display of obvious uninterest. On the other hand, Chicago, the source of Mayor Big Bill Thompson's famous assault on our same George V in the 1920's, gave the royal couple a notable welcome.

This seems to me perfectly understandable and also reassuring. My Canadian contemporaries and their children are still pondering how it would all work out in a competitive examination. Chicago, which had never been so privileged before, was responding in a most encouraging fashion to a wholesome influence.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

Sir John, by a Nose

GORE VIDAL

Of course the only way to review plays fairly is to write about them without having seen or read them. In this way one can remain unprejudiced, free to deal with the work's essence, distilled from newspaper accounts, idle report, and one's own imagination. Certainly, too great a familiarity with any work is apt to breed contempt, and that way not Togetherness but dread Apartness lies. For instance, what literary dialogues are more thrilling than those in which not one participant has read the work discussed? We have all known moments of real rapture and discovery at those times when we have indulged in what, after all, is the only form of *creative* criticism.

Ideally, I aspire to be this sort of critic, but since I am from time to time drawn into the Commercial Theater—not unlike that wooden horse Troy fell for—I must continually curry favor with directors and actors, and that means I have to see the plays. So I must warn the reader right off that I am not to be trusted; inevitably, I will refer coldly to friends, warmly to enemies, for I am human and find, as we all do, that the only thing more unbearable than a friend's success is an enemy's demise. And so, duly warned, we begin, bearing in mind that no matter how egregious our theater often is, it still remains a useful mirror in which to catch, no matter how obliquely, the face of Caliban . . . ourselves.

The text of *Much Ado About Nothing* is based on that of the Quarto published in 1600. The play was one of four entered in the Stationers' Register on 4th August 1600. . . . No, that won't do. Let's try something more jaunty. For instance: the last performance I saw of *Much Ado* was at Stratford (England) in 1948, and it was considerably better than the one now being offered at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, starring Sir John Gielgud and Miss Margaret Leighton. Yes, that's the note. Especially the reference to the last time I saw *Much Ado,* which gives the impression of me in an opera cape doggedly attending Shakespeare revivals, starting with Beerbohm Tree. In actual fact I have, like most Americans, seen very little Shakespeare performed, and the Stratford performance I saw of this comedy was not only my last until now but also my first.

At Stratford, as I recall, the play fairly burst with a sense of youth; there was a primaveral quality to the production. The sets were elegant; the music apposite; and, as I recall, the couples were first introduced in silhouette, perceived through arches: a fine effect. The late Mr. Godfrey Tearle was Benedick and Miss Diana Wynyard was Beatrice. Mr. Tearle

was charmingly stuffy as Benedick, his performance enhanced for me by his astonishing resemblance to the late President Roosevelt. At times I was thoroughly bemused; was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy really like that? Miss Wynyard played with her usual society-lady aplomb; somewhat vague, not quite all there, but plucky—which is just right for this kind of comedy where the players must battle at every turn with one of those awful neo-Plautine plots Shakespeare had such unfortunate access to. The story is almost impossible to follow unless the actors speak very, very slowly, which English actors won't do on the grounds, perhaps justified, that we're just as well off not knowing everything that's going on. There is quite a lot of "But look you now, my Lord, here comes from Verona in haste the good Alonzo who, cousin germane to Milan, has this day upon Borachio waited, the noble Duke who. . . ."

The play is perfectly hopeless, except for the charming subplot involving Benedick and Beatrice. At the start, Benedick is a happy egotist who has experienced that rarest and most desirable of human states: requited self-love. Beatrice is a sharp-tongued girl who seems by some magic to have fallen backward in time from a Shaw play; there are moments when she betrays a real Shavian dislike of Shakespeare's absent-minded hackery: he keeps throwing plot in her way when she just wants to talk. But for a scene or two she and Benedick do give us some pleasure as we observe them brought together by the plot's machinery.

And now for Sir John's production. Right off something has got to be done about those leaves. Shakespeare wrote a number of sylvan comedies and they all call for leaves and bushes and bosky dells. Now you can paint a backdrop and flats with green smudges and let it go at that, or you can put bits of green tissue paper on wire trellises and light them from below and hope for the best, but you can't do both, as Mr. Mariano Andreu has done. As a matter of fact, leaves had best be suggested by lighting unless you have a lot of money to spend and can get a real bush-and-leaf man like Mr. James Bailey, who did the splendid and realistic woods for Miss Katharine Hepburn's production of *As You Like It.* As for Mr. Andreu's other sets, they are very ugly, and the device used for changing them is that old chestnut of employing a dozen irrelevant page boys to march about like Radio City ushers sullenly shoving walls into place, opening up cathedral interiors which look about as convincing as those children's pop-up books of some years ago.

As to Sir John's direction, it is at best serviceable, at worst desultory; in the current English manner, known to insiders as Middle Binkean. Sir John of course is not entirely at fault. No one has yet figured out a satisfactory way of moving the actors in Shakespeare's comedies. For one thing the speeches are formidably long and full of superfluous information; short of rigorously cutting the text (which I am

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in favor of—we'll come back to that later), any director is faced with a real dilemma. What do you do with a dozen actors on stage who must wait while first one and then another like part singers talk and talk and talk? Sir John has taken the very easy way out. "I came yonder from a great supper." Actor takes two steps to bench, turns. "The Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato." He whisks up whatever part of his costume dangles in back and sits down. "And I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage." It's all quite meaningless. Yet watching the actors march and turn and sit and rise, I could hardly blame Sir John. He didn't do much but there is not much to be done. Then for a moment I had a mad solution: why not put the actors on rollers? Then get those glum pages to push them about the stage. It would underscore the essential artifice, etc., etc. No, alas, the answer is elsewhere. If we are going to do Shakespeare's comedies (whether we should is another problem), we must edit them severely, perhaps even Cibber them up a bit. I realize this sounds like Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, who serenely cut to ribbons ten famous novels by his betters and then offered them to us in a special charnel-house edition, proving if you can't lick them, cut them. But plays, especially comedies of some antiquity, are a good deal less sacred. And as we have now enjoyed a full generation of Shakespeare Restored, right down to the Folio misprints, I think it may be time to imitate the intention if not the results of those Victorian actor-managers who treated Shakespeare as just another playwright to be made viable. The jokes in the comedies are more often bad than not; the relentless punning has gone out of style—one hopes for good; we seem to need less exposition than he likes to give; most important from the point of view of staging, we are stuck, at least for now, with the wide stage framed by the proscenium arch while he wrote for his wooden "O" which, necessarily, limited movement. I am sure that had Sir John trimmed speeches, cut scenes, the result would have been considerably happier both in movement and in sense. Not, of course, that our audience will dare rebel. The American public is never so fulfilled as when being bored by what it thinks is a classic . . . tonic for the spirit. It is heartbreaking to hear the poor trapped beasts laugh hysterically when, in all the rapid

meaningless clatter of this sort of comedy, they do catch a bad pun or get the point of a dirty joke.

The British audience is something else again and should be considered briefly. Were I in charge of the world (and why not? we must try *every*thing!), I would force the British to declare a moratorium on Shakespeare revivals for no less than twenty years. The thing has become a national madness. Year after year the same plays are revived. Harassed directors strive desperately for novelty, often achieving silliness: e.g., when you do Hamlet in a nineteenth-century setting you must inevitably face the moment when your King of Denmark asks Queen Victoria to murder his son; one would like to see the entry in her journal: "a *most* peculiar message from King Claudio, Palmerston *most* upset!" The main reason, however, for these revivals is to let the leading actors have a go at the big roles. And the audience attends not the play but the player, to see if Alec got what John missed but Larry achieved and Ralph didn't understand. I suppose it's no more harmful to the character than studying baseball averages but it does the theater very little good. Put out more Osbornes!

In recent press interviews, Sir John has with now alarming regularity struck the elegiac note. This is my last Hamlet . . . my last Richard . . . my last Benedick. One by one he puts away his beloved masks, with the sigh of a valetudinarian. Well, he is clearly out of his mind. He is at the top of his form. On stage he looks all of twenty-five years old; he moves youthfully, his face beneath the curly brown wig is still that of a bright young poodle. Sir John can go on for a good many years with the great roles, and ought to. Nor has he, as he perhaps feels, wrapped up the great roles for which he was so beautifully suited (Richard II, Hamlet, Angelo, Benedick), or the ones he did less well with (Prospero where he went mysteriously wrong, Lear, and why not Richard III?).

Just as Sir Willoughby Patterne had a leg, so Sir John has a nose. One to apostrophize. It is a great nose. A handsome nose. It dominates the stage. If noses may be so characterized, it is a humorous nose, a compassionate nose, a curious nose. If I have any single demur it is that at the bottom of that great nose there are tears, a vast cistern of tears into which, at least when the nose plays tragedy, Sir John drops each syllable like a pebble: plonk! and sometimes the result is a bit wet. But the nose never goes wrong in comedy (his Ernest is our time's best) and his current Benedick adds yet another wreath of laurel to that protean nose.

As for the others, Miss Margaret Leighton moves exquisitely through the plot as though it was not there, and I can think of no higher compliment. Unfortunately, I did not look at the program before the play started and so I experienced an agreeable shock when I saw that the part of Don Pedro was being played by Mr. Akim Tamiroff. What a good idea! I thought. The accent can be justified: Don Pedro is Spanish, the others are Italians in Italy, etc. Of course I have never understood a word Mr. Tamiroff has ever said on stage, but he is a fine element in any play. To my surprise, during the entr'acte, I saw that it was not Mr. Tamiroff but Mr. Michael MacLiammoir, who, apparently, speaks with a Scots accent. No matter what it is, it was Tamiroff to me. The rest of the company, I'm afraid, reflected, through no particular fault of their own, the production's lack of style or intent. Most notable was Miss Jean Marsh as Hero; she is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

What's the Score?

FRED GRUNFELD

SINCE WE ARE ENGAGED in a kind of trial by culture in the court of international opinion, it might be helpful to know just how well the arts are faring in America today. Many critics would cheerfully venture an opinion, but no one seems to have any definite information, for the Washington statisticians do not maintain a Cultural Index, and in any event the units of measure have never been clearly defined. Does the fact that 4,564,223 housewives are painting abstract expressionist pictures indicate a suburban renaissance? How many rejection slips qualify a man as a bona fide poet? Should Broadway musicals be charged to the credit or the debit side of the cultural ledger?

On the musical scene, interested observers have exerted considerable effort to measure the syncopated pulse beat of the nation. Recently, armed with a set of statistics that would leave a tuba player breathless, the authors of a report on *Concert Music U.S.A.* have endeavored to prove that our symphonic music has actually come of age. Judging from their figures, serious music has all the earmarks of big business and is booming along as lustily as the tympani of *Le Sacre du Printemps.*

The new survey is the sixth in a series published by Broadcast Music, Inc., a firm that keeps a sharp accountant's eye on musical activities of all sorts because its business is collecting royalties on copyrights from broadcasters and performers. Although BMI—as it is familiarly known along Tin Pan Alley—may not qualify as the all-hearing ear of music, it does occupy a unique vantage point for observing and tabulating what goes on behind America's microphones and in its concert halls. Under the heading of "Good News in 1959," BMI's researchers cite dozens of such encouraging items as these:

¶ More than half of the two thousand symphony orchestras of the world are in the United States today.

¶ Americans continue to spend more money at the concert box office than they do for baseball.

¶ There are over seventy-five national music organizations in the United States with more than 900,000 members devoted to furthering the cause of concert music.

¶ According to the best indications, more than thirty-five million persons in the United States are actively interested in one form or another of concert music.

¶ As of April, 1959, 1,175 AM and FM stations programmed a weekly total of 10,716 hours of concert music, or an average of 9.2 hours per week.

WITH SO MUCH good news, the men who make music for a living should be dancing the kazatzky in the aisles. Yet the statisticians and the spokesmen for organized musical labor are not singing in the same key at all. To hear the American Federation of Musicians tell it, conditions in the industry "have deteriorated to such a degree that the general employment of creative and performing muscians has practically ceased."

At the union's sixty-second annual convention, held in Seattle in June, the embattled membership played a series of doleful variations on this sad theme: "A great art is suffering; the people's chance to hear and know live Live Music is nonexistent, and unemployment among musicians is catastrophic." President Herman D. Kenin, reviewing his first year in office as successor to the redoubtable James C. Petrillo, glumly reported that in broadcasting alone, payrolls for musicians fell from $21 million to $15 million and that, on the whole, "statistical data for 1958 are not particularly encouraging."

The glaring dissonances between the union's "catastrophe" and BMI's "good news" are all the more puzzling and remarkable because they do not represent opposing sides in a labor dispute; far from being at loggerheads, both parties are vitally interested in expanding the market for concert music. (Admittedly, BMI is not so concerned that the music be "live" as that the composer be "living"—or at least copyrightable.) Their viewpoints conflict largely because the basic figures about musical life in America can be orchestrated as either a polka or a dirge depending on the arranger's mood.

When BMI's survey appeared, the editors of the *International Musician,* a union magazine, felt duty-bound to rebut some of its most exuberant testimony. ". . . Europe still thinks of a symphony orchestra as an organization of professionals," they asserted, "while in America it has become in many cases a collection of starry-eyed hobbyists," and therefore most of our orchestras cannot bear comparison with European ensembles. "The 1,142 community orchestras [composed of part-time musicians] not only lack the necessary instrumentation for a symphony orchestra but the members lack the necessary technic, not to speak of lack of salaries at any professional level."

The survey reported that since 1948 about a thousand compositions by Americans have appeared on long-playing records; the union retorted that "This makes an average of less than one hundred compositions a year—not many, considering the output."

The professionals also took cold comfort in the number of students who receive instrumental instruction (a staggering 8.5 million compared with 2.5 million in 1947) and play in nearly four hundred youth and college orchestras. "What happens to the young players after graduation? They go into insurance." As for the estimate that over $300 million would be spent on high-fidelity components in 1959: "This age is characterized by two things—million-dollar music industries and ex-musicians working at nonmusical jobs."

IN OTHER WORDS, professional musicians, like horse-drawn trolley carmen, have fallen victim to technological unemployment. The union, which seems to lack a sense of historical fitness in this matter, refuses

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to realize that catastrophe belongs to an artist's natural diet.

By the same token, he must be prepared to take his statistics with a grain of salt. Between engagements, he could keep himself occupied by drawing up a survey of concert music as it really is:

¶ Here, as in Europe, only the largest cities have orchestras that play well enough not to make composers and conductors gnash their teeth.

¶ Half a million music teachers are said to be active in the United States. More than twenty million of their students play the piano; more than four million play the guitar; three million are string players; woodwinds and brass account for two and a half million each; and hundreds of thousands more play instruments like the kazoo and the ukelele. A terrible cacophony would reign throughout the nation if these millions did not comport themselves with discretion. Fortunately, most of them keep their instruments out of sight, ear, and mind. Heard pianists are sweet; those unheard are sweeter.

¶ Some amateurs, though perhaps stiff in the joints, would rather limp through a Haydn string quartet themselves than hear the combined first-desk virtuosi of the world play Mahler's Symphony of a Thousand at Carnegie Hall.

¶ Most music lovers would rather hear the Philadelphia Orchestra in gorgeous Technicolor stereophony while dozing on the living-room couch than sit bolt upright through a concert by the East Bend Sinfonietta.

¶ In general, symphonic music is not regarded as an essential part of our civilization; though a popular cause for ladies, and often tax-deductible, it flows like cultural water off an artistic duck's back.

¶ One final entry in the diary of a traveling horn player: comparisons between baseball and Beethoven tend to be misleading. Newspaper editors, who understand this raw fact, resolutely decline to devote more space to concert reviews than to the affairs of the Los Angeles Dodgers and even the New York Yankees. Ask anybody "What's the score?," and it's dollars to doughnuts that the answer won't be "Number 40, in G Minor."

CHANNELS

The Uppah Clahsses

MARYA MANNES

While sociologists are not only admitting but proving that class differences are not negligible in our society and that there does, in fact, exist a group that displays wealth, education, and influence, the people who write for mass communications treat this group in a very odd way. In daytime soap opera, "upper-class" is synonymous with snobbery, meanness, cruelty, and affectation; in the more sophisticated night hours, it is simply grotesque. In the daytime this may reflect a conscious effort to flatter the middle-class housewife: compared to that snotty television mother-in-law who employs servants (a dirty word) and speaks with haughty distinction, Mrs. Crestwood in her apron has all the superior virtues. And good old Joe Husband,

who runs a garage or sells insurance, is a very much better man than the silver-haired aristocrat who collects paintings, plays the piano, and plots murder. In daytime serials it is sometimes possible for families of successful doctors and lawyers to live in what are known as lovely homes and have cultured ways, so long as they don't leave books lying around or hire cooks. But on the whole, beware of the rich and educated: they bode no good.

In the rare instances when they appear in nighttime drama, however, they are neither predominantly good nor bad; they are creatures imagined by writers who seem never to have observed their prototypes. And I was again fascinated by this phenomenon in the first of a series of live dramas produced by NBC-TV's new "Sunday Showcase": *People Kill People, Sometimes,* by S. Lee Pogostin. Now Mr. Pogostin is a writer of real talent, and he had real talents to help him: Geraldine Page, the magnificent star of *Sweet Bird of Youth;* Jason Robards, Jr.; and George S. Scott. He was also ably assisted by a real event of a few years ago: the shooting of a Mr. Woodward by his wife, who, it was adjudged, mistook him for a prowler. His story concerns the shooting of a man by his wife, who, it was adjudged, mistook him for a prowler. The setting is Long Island's North Shore society, a group restricted to white Anglo-Saxon Protestants of means who are esteemed more for their bridge and golf than for their familiarity with Proust or Stravinsky. Their houses and their language, however, do have a certain inflection, a certain sophistication that marks those who have attended the best schools and universities, who are well informed about antiques, and who organize theater benefits for worthy causes. This inflection is apparently as unfamiliar to Mr. Pogostin as it has been to many of his colleagues in television drama. And since his is the latest example of this weird approximation of upper-class ways, it is worth examining.

The Reed house in *People Kill People* was a huge mausoleum of echoing marble hallways, museum steps, and balustered balconies. The rich and fashionable have long since ceased to inhabit such monstrosities: the majority live in low and sprawling modern houses with every convenience but also with a kind of lightness of taste imposed on them by decorators, if not by wives. The mark of the wealthy home today is not grandeur but expensive and usu-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally attractive comfort. Just why the author and Director John Frankenheimer reverted to Gatsby is a mystery. In addition, Mr. Pogostin's play opens with a grand party in the Reed home, in which the guests (largely invisible in order to leave the principals alone on stage) wander about the draughty colonnades, the ladies sweeping the floor in long satin gowns. Anyone who has been to a fancy Long Island party in recent summers would recognize neither the attire nor the dispersion: short skirts and close huddles are the rule.

Far more off-key than these small notes is the language used by the principals. Mr. Reed, the husband, played with sustained facial anguish by Mr. Robards, is supposed to be a brilliant, wealthy lawyer of infinite charm. Except for one simple plea to his wife for a divorce, his entire conversation is composed of paradoxes and parables without point and whimsies without whimsicality. These are addressed mainly to the woman he loves, who finds them—and him—irresistible. Here is a sample:

NANCY: "O Alex, Alex, Alex! you're impossible!"

ALEX: "On the contrary—my own great vice is that I am so totally probable! I'm two and two! Look at me, add me up! Am I five? No! I'm doomed to be four—forever!"

NANCY: "Is there nothing sacred left in this world?"

ALEX: "The pity of it all is that everything is sacred in this world!"

NANCY: "Don't you believe in anything?"

ALEX: "No, and let me here inform you—Nancy with the dark black eyes—that I do not beg your pardon for being so sacrilegious this evening."

NANCY: "You needn't. That's one of the reasons I'm so attracted to you."

The two are joined by the psychiatrist-lover of Mrs. Reed, and then by Mrs. Reed and daughter Carol, an eerie girl. The five play a game called Modern Proverbs. The doctor says, "No man is an island—they're a bunch of peninsulas." Alex says, "No, never send to know for whom the bell tolls. Children should be seen and not heard"; and wife Virginia tosses in, "There is but one thing to fear . . . and that is . . . that we do not fear enough."

If Mr. Reed is perpetually anguished—and the combination of such a wife and such an inamorata might dismay any man—Mrs. Reed is doubly distraught. Hers has become a familiar dramatic type: the pill-taking manic-depressive who spends a good deal of time on her bed and in her underwear murmuring madnesses and whimpering whys. This is apparently something that wealth and leisure do to TV people; they cannot find themselves, so they go mad. Even the faithful psychiatrist cannot help. In the end, the doctor becomes as unhinged as she.

NOW THE RICH can be as neurotic as the poor, and it may well be that idleness and education aggravate their syndromes. But from my own observation, men and women of

the upper classes usually have built-in controls that make their neuroses far less manifest. They can be on the verge of despair without raising their voices or saying irrational things. And I believe a good playwright could make this suppression far more moving and real than the kind of open hysteria now apparently mandatory for emotional conflict of any sort on stage, screen, and television. Echoing in my memory are scene after scene of screaming, raving, denunciatory men and women who behave as if our whole race were stripped—like those transparent figures showing tissue and muscle and viscera—of controlling and shielding skin. The rawness gets very tiresome.

Reliance on sickness, in fact, is tiresome. Mr. Pogostin chooses to dress his story with the trappings of Freud and the pervading pressures of the day, making the wife a beautiful meandering mess and the husband a foolish Hamlet; reducing what could have been a fresh kind of smart-set triangle—or quartet, if you will—to a tangle of raveled motives and disheveled minds. Mr. Pogostin seemed to be looking at Tennessee Williams instead of life, a flattery for which Mr. Williams cannot be blamed but which is spoiling the work of many younger writers who should be looking at the original instead of at the translation. This fidelity to source is what makes Paddy Chayefsky so good: his Brooklyn Jews and Italians live in themselves. But I have yet to see a television play concerned with the rich and well-bred that conveyed their particular inflection, idiom, and approach to life.

The theater has done it, often. A most recent if somewhat powdered version is *The Pleasure of His Company*. A James Gould Cozzens or a Louis Auchincloss does it all the time in the novel. But in television either the writer has barred himself by choice—or has been barred by circumstance—from the kind of people he types as "upper-class" and sometimes chooses to examine, or else the medium itself believes that Mr. and Mrs. America prefer to see the privileged few portrayed as impotent neurotics or grotesque inheritors of a moribund social order.

Alex in Mr. Pogostin's play says to his love: "Only the civilized have wit. The more civilized, the more wit. Babies and primitive peoples don't have it." In spite of this unarguable and refreshingly direct statement, *People Kill People* was singularly devoid of wit. Something Nancy said provided a clue to its lack. Confessing that she hates Europe, she tells Alex why: "Because they're so cultured and they're so civilized . . . And because they think that all Americans—deep down—are really barbaric, and I agree with them, and I'm proud of it . . . being deeply barbaric."

Perhaps this pride in barbarism, in raw emotion without restraint, is one reason why the civilized are so unpopular in television fare unless their civilization is distorted by fantasy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVIES

Soreheads

JAY JACOBS

FOR ALL his bellyaching, Jimmy Porter, the splenetic protagonist of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, struck me as a thoroughly credible and even rather likable character when I read the play. The Jimmy Porter currently on view in the Warner Brothers film adaptation of the drama is a horse of quite another choler, however, and the movie, as a direct result, is a sadly disappointing piece of work in which the efforts of a number of highly talented people are nullified by what seems to me a misconception of our malcontent hero's personality.

The failure of this film is more than usually depressing, since an obviously conscientious attempt has been made by all concerned to convert a significant play into a significant motion picture, and to give the public its medicine without the usual sugar coating. Insofar as was practicable, Mr. Osborne's original material has been served up with a minimum of dilution or distortion, and where the increased mobility of the new medium indicated revisions or additions, they were made intelligently and effectively. About the only trouble with the picture, when you come right down to it, is that its chief character, Jimmy Porter, is a crashing bore.

Reading the play, it seemed to me that Jimmy's merciless hectoring of his wife, his acquaintances, and the world at large was laced with enough wit and enough sense to hold an audience's interest and to provide a good deal of justification for his discontent. There was also, I thought, enough good-humored, conscious nonsense in his tirades to make him rather appealing in spite of his general obnoxiousness. In the movie, though, his at least partially justifiable anger has become blind rage, consuming, unabating—and ultimately pointless. As Jimmy, Richard Burton gives us a frenzied, hysterical, unending harangue on a single ear-splitting note. As Jimmy rages on, sounding increasingly like an under-age Lear upon the heath, the genuinely witty passages, the legitimate protests against complacency and injustice, and the occasional outbursts of plain high spirits are all drowned out in the general uproar; and the devotion of two women and a young Welshman to a snarling, sadistic maniac without a single visible redeeming feature becomes far too great a strain on any audience's credulity.

As Mr. Burton's tormented spouse, Mary Ure appears to be in a state of physical shock; a condition that doesn't quite jibe with my reading of the text, but that is understandable in the circumstances. Mr. Burton and Miss Ure are ably supported by Claire Bloom as the other woman, Gary Raymond as the young Welshman, and Dame Edith Evans as Jimmy's benefactress. Better direction by Tony Richardson—who directed the eminently successful stage play but who still has a thing or two to learn about the problems peculiar to the screen—might have helped a lot.

It seems, incidentally, to be obligatory these days to advertise dramas of this type with a scene resembling the aftermath of the rape of Lucrece. At no point in *Look Back in Anger* does such a scene occur.

IF THE CHIEF WEAKNESS of *Look Back in Anger* is that its hero gets himself too steamed up, one flaw in Columbia's *The Last Angry Man* is that its protagonist, an aging and much put-upon physician, doesn't get angry enough. In the film (which is based on a deliberate, unabashed, and successful bid for best-sellerdom into which its author, Gerald Green, managed to cram every currently salable topic except the Civil War), Paul Muni plays an embittered, cantankerous, and bull-headed general practitioner from Brooklyn in so saintly and mild a fashion that it's hard to remember that the location is Brownsville, not Lambaréné. By working himself up to a fatal heart attack while simultaneously trying to look after his practice and star in a television show, the good doctor is supposed to convince a hard-driving advertising executive that the accepted symbols of social status aren't so meaningful after all. A likely story.

Among the recently published

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS

are these titles of exceptional interest

Marx & Engels:
Basic Writings on Politics and Philosophy
Edited by Lewis S. Feuer. This sizable collection from the works of these original thinkers shows them in their role as political sociologists and philosophers of history rather than as economists. *Anchor Original.* $1.45

Literary Biography
Leon Edel. An illuminating discussion of the problems that arise in writing the lives of writers, with fascinating accounts of authors as diverse as Henry James, Boswell, T.S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf and Willa Cather. *Anchor Original.* 95¢

The Book of the Courtier
Baldesar Castiglione. Translated by Charles S. Singleton. A new, astonishingly pertinent translation of the Renaissance classic which paints the most vivid picture ever set down of Italian court life in the 16th century. Illustrated $1.25

The Human Condition
Hannah Arendt. This study of the central dilemmas facing modern man is, says the Partisan Review, "a really superb work, one of the best interpretations of contemporary history that has appeared in years." $1.45

The Listener's Musical Companion
B. H. Haggin. For readers of all degrees of musical experience, the well-known critic writes on leading composers, historical periods and musical forms, and gives over 100 pages of notes on recorded performances. Revised second edition. $1.25

The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life
Erving Goffman. Readers of *The Lonely Crowd* will find this a stimulating explanation of the techniques each individual uses to present himself to the public. *Anchor Original* 95¢

——**DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS** are on sale at most book and department stores. If you would like a complete list of the 192 titles now available, please write to: Doubleday Anchor Books, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Songs of Experience

GEORGE STEINER

THE MEMOIRS OF JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT. Vol. I: VENETIAN YEARS; Vol. II: TO PARIS AND PRISON. Translated from the French by Arthur Machen. *Putnam. $5 each.*

The fierce energies released by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars were already present in the atmosphere of the late eighteenth century. But the *ancien régime* gave them no scope for action. In high social places, religion had become ceremonious mythology; among too many *abbés de cour* it was pure mundanity. Politics was a matter of autocracy tempered by cabal. Professional armies fought cabinet wars under a code of decorum which reduced battle to a sinister and trivial farce. The only pursuit open to passionate endeavor was that of love; and an entire generation, say from 1750 to 1780, expended its nervous powers and inventiveness on sexual affairs. Tastes ranged from the cool bestialities of Sade to the sentimental lyricism of *Werther*. It was the classic age of libertine literature, of the royal deer park and the amiable lecheries in shepherds' attire. Of this nervous, shallow, yet brilliant period, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt is both the emblem and the historian.

The man and the writer are more fascinating than the lover, for Casanova's career reflects the transition from the old order to the new, from ancient bigotries gone cruel with impotence to the radical skepticism of the modern spirit. We do not know why the young Casanova was expelled from the seminary of St. Cyprian in Venice. There is a shadow of homosexuality over the incident and this is interesting in view of later accomplishments. But despite the affair, Casanova entered the household of Cardinal Acquaviva as one of those minor ecclesiastics whose black silk, powdered wigs, and silver-buckled shoes hovered invariably in the background of rococo boudoirs. But even the most secular of churches could not long retain his mercurial temper. He lived as a man consumed by a rage for experience. Journalist, diplomat, secret agent, musician, alchemist, and financier, he traversed Europe from Madrid to Constantinople and from Paris to St. Petersburg. Yet he always returned, like a wide-circling hawk, to his Venetian lair. On the first of November, 1756, Casanova made his renowned escape from the state prisons of Venice. But the Rialto drew him back. In 1774 (and here, most significantly, the *Memoirs* break off) he entered the service of the State Inquisitors. Casanova spent eight years in the twilit

world of the informer. But he fell out with his masters and was banished from the only city which he regarded as a true and complete mirror of the human condition. Invited by Count Waldstein to be librarian of the castle of Dux (Duchov) in Bohemia, the aging chevalier passed the fourteen closing years of his life, from 1784 to 1798, recollecting emotion in enforced tranquillity.

ONLY A SOCIETY haunted by a growing sense of crisis and dissolution could have produced a Casanova. His most brilliant exploits were those of a man who had precisely gauged the frivolous, unstable temper of the moment. The French court allowed him to direct its state lottery although his knowledge of finance did not extend an inch beyond the gaming table. This was possible precisely because fiscal policy in the 1760's was merely gambling on a desperate scale. Whether Casanova himself believed in witchcraft and alchemy is not clear. Probably he kept alternative convictions balanced in his swift, shrewd mind. But he exploited the strange flare-up of superstition and illuminism that occurred in Western Europe on the eve of the Revolution. At times, he put the cabala at the service of his minor delights (there is a fine chapter recounting how Casanova the exorcist purges a young lady of black spirits). But at times he invoked the powers of darkness to wrest from creation its secrets or its gold. Once, at Aix-en-Provence, he met the notorious Cagliostro. There was in both men a streak of naked rapacity, but also the sound instinct of hunters pursuing a wounded quarry. Societies that let themselves be robbed or hoodwinked by a Casanova and a Cagliostro are not worth preserving.

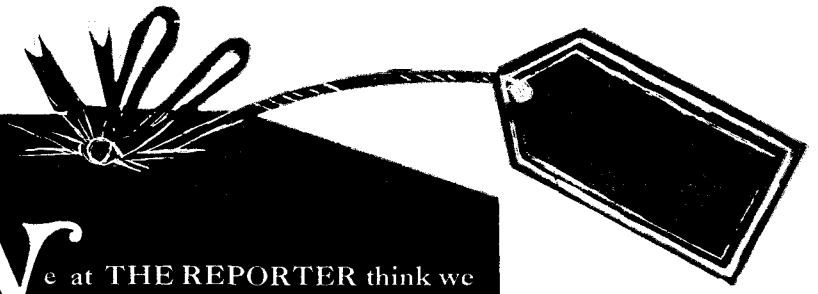
But are the *Memoirs* true? Many of Casanova's claims are substantiated elsewhere. His account of his escape from prison is ruefully confirmed in Venetian police archives. Equally certain are the facts of the tempestuous imbroglio and duel that compelled Casanova to leave Warsaw in March, 1766. Many of the celebrated personages whom he met, moreover—Voltaire, Rousseau, Catherine the Great, George III, d'Alembert, and Frederick the Great—left some record of the occasion consistent with that of the *Memoirs*.

When inquiring of the truth of this singular work, however, one usually has in mind its grosser and more evident theme: the heroic catalogue of fornication. There is a modern theory which argues that Casanova was impotent. His chronicle of lust would be a dream of the nimble imagination. This theory is ingenious but implausible, for when the mind spins out its reveries of lust, it does so in a style entirely different from that of Casanova's *Memoirs*. The dreams of impotence have a rich precision and concreteness of detail. Casanova's account of his sexual life, on the contrary, is conventionalized in the extreme. There is little here for the browsing pornographer. In Sade, where most of the incidents are plainly unreal, description takes on the hot, frenzied

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SO MANY OF US *are so well provided with the necessities, and most of life's little luxuries, too, that we go through an annual ordeal each Christmas trying to dream up original gifts for our friends.*

Are Your Friends Better Stocked Than Santa?



We at THE REPORTER think we can help you solve this seasonal quandary — for there are still some intelligent adults around who somehow do not have subscriptions to THE REPORTER.

And THE REPORTER can be a refreshingly different gift — guaranteeing a thank-you twenty-four times a year as each new issue arrives full of important, authoritative articles on foreign and domestic affairs . . . spiced with provocative reviews of books, music, painting, with pungently pointed poems, and vivid travel pieces.

Although THE REPORTER may be about the only appropriate present you can give your friends that they haven't already got, it still costs so very little. **After the first gift at the $6 rate, you pay only $5 for the second subscription $4.50 for each additional gift**

* * *

Also, by entering **your own** subscription now, you can arrive immediatley at the reduced rate for **all** your gifts. If you already have a subscription and it still has a while to run, we'll simply add on your renewal whenever it does expire.

REMEMBER THIS, TOO: giving THE REPORTER not only saves you money — it also saves you time, which is just as scarce around the holidays. Instead of elbowing your way through stampeded stores, you just reach for the pen at your elbow and fill out the order form opposite this page.

And if you're blessed with more friends than Christmas funds, you can simply charge your order. We'll be glad to bill you after the first of the year.

Just before the holidays, your friends will receive a handsome Christmas card announcing your thoughtful gift, and their subscriptions will start with the Christmas issue — the first of twenty-four rewarding reading experiences.

SO... *take a moment now to give your friends a gift they'll always remember you for. Make sure they receive their subscriptions in time for Christmas; mail the order card today.*

THE REPORTER

660 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK 21, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that language was your native language—
probably English.
you learned it through hearing, imitating and repeating—
as a child does.
this is the fastest, most efficient way to learn *any* language.
this is the way you learn a language at Berlitz.
it is "live" language teaching.
it's the "Berlitz Method"—
direct—to the point.
no tedious drills.
no useless grammar rules.
you start speaking your new language immediately.
not just meaningless words, but entire expressions.
your vocabulary is acquired through association and use.
reading and writing come after you are familiar
with basic sounds.—
after you have mastered pronunciation and accent.
English is absolutely taboo in the classroom.
your new language is learned in terms of "itself."
you learn to "think" in your new language as well as speak.
instructors are natives of the land whose language they teach.
you set your own pace.
there is no such thing as a "full" course.
the time you spend is up to you.
therefore there is no set "price."
it all depends on how much you want to know, how soon you want to know it and how well you want to know it.
the "Berlitz Method" is world-renowned; backed by 81 years of experience.
it's testified to by over 10 million Berlitz graduates.
it teaches you more in 10 weeks than a four year college language course.
it works.

This is enrollment month at Berlitz and since our "live" instruction is tailored to individual needs the best procedure for you will be to stop in at the nearest Berlitz School (see our listings on the next page) and have a chat with the director. You'll find him to be cordial, informative and, more important, able to help you better than anyone we know.

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE . . .
PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES . . GO TO **BERLITZ**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exactitude of the imaginary. In Casanova, the language of the erotic is cool and stylized:

"After having enjoyed, until our strength was almost expiring, the most delightful, the most intense voluptuousness in which mutual ardour can enfold two young, vigorous, and passionate lovers, the young countess dressed herself, and, kissing her slippers, said she would never part with them as long as she lived. I asked her to give me a lock of her hair, which she did at once."

Successive adventures are made vivid through surrounding circumstance. The fascination lies in the setting, in the economic or social milieu and in the delineation of minor characters—not in the image of the flesh.

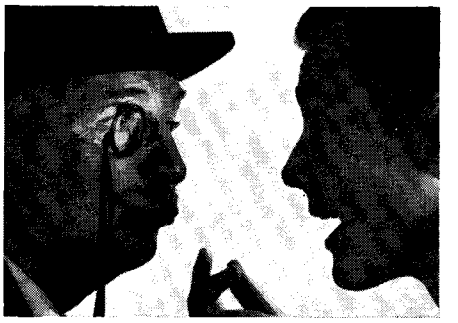
And it is precisely this which persuades one that Casanova was truthful, whether or not he exaggerated the actual number of his encounters. He did not care enough about eroticism to invent the details of physical appearance and exact touches of sexual life which give to many libertine narratives their deceptive veracity. He was not impotent, but ease of conquest may have rendered him essentially indifferent. D. H. Lawrence, a profound discerner in such matters, sensed this indifference and it infuriated him: "I have tried Casanova, but he smells."

CASANOVA used the conventions of love as an avenue to the heart of experience. A generation later his strong will and vivid intelligence would have been engaged in politics or war. There was in him the substance of a lesser Byron. But living when he did, Casanova had to make of the trivial matter of amorous pursuit an equivalent for larger action. He succeeded brilliantly. His love affairs, with their varying design of approach, seduction, and flight, took him throughout Europe and into each recess of society. He moved easily from the bed of the countess to that of the maid. And because much of the life of the period did take place in the alcove, the *Memoirs* are genuine history. In particular, they document one of those absolutely fundamental revolutions in conduct and moral sensibility which underlie and surpass in importance the more obvious crises of politics.

Casanova's experiences show that there took place between the 1760's and the early nineteenth century a profound transformation in the notion of sexual privacy. The making of love in diverse company or with two young women at the same occasion (often sisters) is a stock motif in the *Memoirs*. But the fascinating point is this: the publicity of sexual performance gives rise to momentary embarrassment or amusement, yet it has none of the overtones of the perverse or the pathological which it would so clearly convey in a more modern narrative. The pursuit of love was simply not serious enough to require concealment (the public quality of the thing is shown also in Boswell's London *Journal*).

Around the turn of the eighteenth century, however, a tremendous change occurred. Sex became grave, lyric, and intensely private. Romanticism is the expression of this new attitude. To a Casanova, the feverish privacy of love dramatized in "The Eve of St. Agnes" or in *Tristan und Isolde* would have seemed faintly indecent.

BOTH for their gaiety and their historical insight, the *Memoirs* are worth having. But not in this purported "first English translation of the complete and unabridged" text. What we find here, together with some musty engravings, is the translation by Arthur Machen, the forgotten author of *The Angel of Mons*. First issued privately in 1894, Machen's version was published in America in 1903 and 1924. So far as can be judged from the two first volumes of this new edition, the initial text has been taken over verbatim. An introductory essay written in 1902 by Arthur Symons has been included although it contains serious factual errors. No account whatever appears to have been taken of recent research. Worst of all, no attempt is made to explain the numerous allusions in the *Memoirs* to contemporary events and personages. Whether or not the resulting text is complete, this omission deprives it of much of its fascination. Fortunately, the reader of French can turn elsewhere. A beautifully edited and annotated text of Casanova is at this very moment being issued in Paris by the Pléiade.



FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE . . . PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES . . . GO TO BERLITZ

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
521 N. Charles Street
PLaza 2-0767
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
321 North Beverly Drive
CRestview 6-1101
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
159 Pierce Street
Midwest 4-9200
BOSTON, MASS.
30 Newbury Street
COmmonwealth 6-6858
CHICAGO, ILL.
207 N. Michigan Avenue
FRanklin 2-4341
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Vernon Manor Hotel
PLaza 1-2237
CLEVELAND, OHIO
1148 Euclid Avenue
TOwer 1-0950
DALLAS, TEXAS
6141 Sherry Lane
EMerson 1-4224
DETROIT, MICH.
107 Clifford Street
WOodward 2-7788
EAST ORANGE, N. J.
35 Brick Church Plaza
ORange 6-0100
EVANSTON, ILL.
518 Davis Street
GReenleaf 5-4341
GREAT NECK, N.Y.
45 N. Station Plaza
HUnter 7-1661
HOUSTON, TEXAS
2015 S. Shepherd Drive
JAckson 3-7200
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
2942 Wilshire Boulevard
DUnkirk 7-3131
MIAMI, FLA.
242 N. E. 2nd Avenue
FRanklin 1-3686
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
1111 Nicollet Avenue
FEderal 6-8763
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
412 International Trade Mart
TUlane 3411
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
40 West 51 Street
CIrcle 6-0110
30 Rockefeller Plaza
CIrcle 6-0110
179 Broadway
COrtlandt 7-1112
PASADENA, CALIF.
170 S. Lake Avenue
SYcamore 5-5888
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
121 South Broad Street
PEnnypacker 5-8500
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
415 Smithfield Street
GRant 1-0900
ST. LOUIS, MO.
4117 Lindell Blvd.
JEfferson 1-2445
SANTA ANA, CALIF.
800 N. Broadway
Kimberly 7-2531
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
3320 Fourth Avenue
CYpress 8-0490
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
26 O'Farrell St.
YUkon 6-6257
SAN MATEO, CALIF.
159 E. Fifth Ave.
Diamond 2-6007
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
1331 Third Avenue
MUtual 2-1242
STAMFORD, CONN.
330 Bedford Street
DAvis 4-9551
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1701 K St. N.W.
STerling 3-0010
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
65 Court Street
WHite Plains 6-8389
also:
HAVANA, CUBA
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Berlitz is the complete language service. If you do not live near a Berlitz School write today for information on other Berlitz Language Aids.

Clip and mail to the nearest Berlitz School

Please send me information on Berlitz Language Aids. I am interested in speaking_____ (please indicate language) R-3

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'As Flies to Wanton Boys'

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE RACK, by A. E. Ellis. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.50.*

In the opening pages of this impressive first novel, which has already received the highest critical acclaim in England, a group of young British university students arrive—thanks to some sort of international youth plan—at a sanatorium for tubercular patients in the French Alps. After a time four of the six return home, possibly cured, possibly not, but at any rate released from the terrifying pages of this book. A fifth, the most cheerful of the lot and, on arrival, the least ravaged, suffers a relapse. On the morning after the induction of a pneumothorax, he is found on a mountainside, half suffocating, his lung having perforated. Carried back to the sanatorium, given oxygen, he dies a few hours later. He too has escaped.

The reader however, try as he may, never escapes: hypnotized by horror, compelled by admiration and pity, he must accompany Paul Davenant, the last of the British group—one can hardly call him the survivor—through all his torment to destruction.

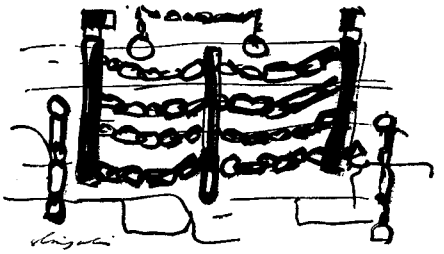
What Mr. Ellis forces us to witness is a variant of the old cat-and-mouse game. It is the procedure used century after dreary century, with only the costumes and the locales changing, by all inquisitors: the proffer and the withdrawal of hope, the reprieve, and then again to the question, the electrode, the rack, until the suffering mind, the steadfast will lose their identity and are drawn back to, become one with, enter the darkness of the quivering, tortured body. In *The Rack,* the variation is this: here the torturers are not evil men; they seek to save not to destroy; doctor and patient stand inseparably linked as they face the mystery of suffering. In this novel there is no villain.

IT IS ONLY FAIR to this severe, honest book to abandon the rhetoric to which one turns in the effort to make certain realities less impossible of acceptance and to quote a passage that indicates Mr. Ellis's precision:

"The following day, Dr. Vernet performed a second *ponction.* With the greatest difficulty he managed to extract 800 c.c.s of a thick and bloody substance so evil-smelling that *Soeur* Miriam removed from the *Salle d'Interventions* each of the containers into which it was syphoned.

"A third, two days later, revealed the presence of a pus so viscid that it would not pass through even the thickest of canullas. For two and a half hours, Dr. Bruneau—conducting the *ponction* in Dr. Vernet's temporary absence—pumped industriously.

"In an endeavor to dilute the pus, he introduced distilled water into the pleura, but succeeded in extracting no more than the same quantity, though rendered malodorous and horridly tinted. When at last he resolved to remove the assembled trochar-and-canulla, Paul was in a



state of coma, and the pus locked within his pleura had not been diminished by a fluid ounce."

This particular passage, less dreadful than many, occurs early in the course of Paul Davenant's stay in the sanatorium. At the end of that stay, two and a half years later, an eminent consultant informs him that all that he has endured is of no avail—the treatment never had more than one chance in ten or twenty of succeeding—and that now one lung must be removed entirely. Before this can be done, however, a pneumothorax must be induced on the other. The end is the beginning.

This novel, of course, would be intolerable if it conveyed the idea that Mr. Ellis had made a study of tuberculosis and medicine and had come to the conclusion that doctors must always lose. Mr. Ellis plays fair. He knows that in the abstract success is a matter of percentages but that percentages can mean but little to the individual. The graph of cures may rise, but the patient arriving in the little train that winds up the mountainside to the sanatorium brightly lighted in the night above the deep valley is not to be consoled or doomed by graphs. Desperate cases are unpredictably restored to health; routine cases unpredictably become desperate. But this book is a study of man's courage in the trial of suffering.

Mr. Ellis might have seen this ordeal, as the reader is inclined to see it, entirely from the patient's point of view—after all, it is the patient, not the doctor, who is on the rack. Yet such a viewpoint is limiting, and the author transcends it. He knows that no man save a maniac can be the agent through whom pain is transmitted to a human being, or even to an animal, without constantly having to assess his position. The political police, in addition to sadism, have the reason of state; the doctor, in addition to his love of humanity, has his faith in science. Those who inflict pain must cling to their faith—to their sadism or to their love—or go mad.

THE DOCTORS in this French sanatorium are harassed by economic difficulties—the establishment is losing money—worried, disappointed about their careers, and intriguing. Some are kinder than others; some have greater assurance in the effectiveness of their work than others; none permits himself the debilitating weakness of commiserating openly with his patients. All work day and night. Mr. Ellis has made them as real, as terribly threatened in their humanity, as the men and women they care for.

His message and achievement and the misery these bring to the reader lie in his perception that the mechanics of pain are always the same, and that the ultimate effect of incessantly repeated pain, inflicted beyond certain limits for whatever reason, noble or ignoble, is the same. Enough pain, endured long enough, through whatever vicissitudes of hope and despair and with whatever courage and tenacity, in the end destroys.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round Peg In a Round Hole

ROBERT BINGHAM

LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, by Alan Harrington. *Knopf. $4.50.*

Originality is a perishable commodity at best among those who set themselves up to comment on the American scene, and he who would avoid banality must be light on his feet. We have heard nearly all we can stand from earnest iconoclasts on the subject of Momism, and our capacity to be impressed by frank discussions of homosexuality is already wearing a bit thin, but the American woman's loss of femininity still seems to have a little mileage left in it. The vitality of a dissenter's thought is frequently enhanced if he doesn't actually know very much about what he's dissenting from. Thus some of the most eloquent critics of suburbia's drab uniformity have rarely ventured north of 125th Street, and the magazines are full of mordant articles announcing the demise of sexual pleasure in the United States written by people who apparently haven't had their mittens off since dancing school.

Attacks on the business community require rather more careful preparation, if only because the genre is so well established by now and all the easy targets have been potted long ago. We know all about The Huckster, The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit, and The Organization Man—and would recognize one immediately if we ever happened to meet one. Like General Motors, the designers of next year's lower, longer clichés thrive on obsolescence, and the jacket blurb of Alan Harrington's *Life in the Crystal Palace* proudly announces that the book "begins where *The Organization Man* left off." It does indeed.

MR. HARRINGTON confesses that over a period of years he took money from a large American corporation in exchange for a shameful intimacy with its public-relations department. God, it was awful! They never

All over the world

from Secretaries of State to editors, from writers to business executives,

the intelligent minority read the New Statesman

Britain's leading weekly review

These are the men whose decisions move the world—men for whom absolute accuracy, unquestioned authority and fearless objectivity in the interpretation of world affairs are prime essentials.

They, and half a million other thinking men and women, find these exacting standards completely fulfilled in Britain's top-selling and most influential weekly review, the NEW STATESMAN. The only paper in the world to have numbered both John Foster Dulles and Nikita Khrushchev among its contributors, the NEW STATESMAN presents each week a brilliantly well-informed picture of what is happening in the world. With observers in all the main foreign centres and a home staff of some of the finest commentators in Britain, it provides a penetrating background to the headlines of world news.

Home and World Affairs, Books, Arts and Entertainment

Other regular features in the NEW STATESMAN cover new books, the theatre, music, art, finance, radio and television, chess and crossword. The literary section, famous throughout the world, reviews the cream of British publishing, giving the most distinguished commentary on current books available in Britain today. Under the successive literary editorship of Sir John Squire, Sir Desmond MacCarthy, Raymond Mortimer and V. S. Pritchett, it is the nursery through which many of the great writers of our time have passed.

The NEW STATESMAN is alive, uninhibited and—above all—*readable.*

A special invitation to YOU

Enjoy the NEW STATESMAN every week for 40 weeks for only $5.00. Mail the coupon direct to London *today* (postage 8¢ seamail; 15¢ airmail) with check, money order or bills. *But hurry! Accept this reduced-rate offer NOW!*

Special Offer Form—fill out and mail NOW

To: NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON W.C.1, ENGLAND

I am not already reading your paper and enclose $5.00. Open a 40-week privilege subscription immediately, mailing me a copy every week for 40 weeks.

Name .....
(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

Address .....

.....

.....

New Statesman

R6

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scolded him, they didn't really demand much work out of him, they got him used to a high standard of living, and they drugged him with promises of a financially secure old age. In short, they undermined his good old-fashioned American get-up-and-go.

There is, of course, a certain amount of validity in Mr. Harrington's description of what goes on inside the huge socialist states that private enterprise has created in this country. (After all, most clichés begin life as misinterpretations of the obvious.) But why shoot Santa Claus just because he's suddenly given us more toys than we know what to do with? Mr. Harrington seems to be convinced that the public-relations departments of large corporations are full of frustrated poets who are prevented from making the most of their genius only by the benign tyranny of management. He complains that modern craftsmen can no longer identify their own human aspirations with their product, leaving gently unstressed the implication that the ink-stained scriveners who sat hunched over their copy work a century ago were luckier in that regard. Mr. Harrington's whining tone becomes absurd at last, and succeeds only in making it clear that the problem of man's self-realization has been revealed rather than created by the institutions of America's unprecedented prosperity. Thoreau may have lived a life of quiet desperation, but there is ample evidence right in Mr. Harrington's book that most people have usually been content with an amiable inertia, at least when their minds have not been distracted by starvation and the knout.

Somehow Mr. Harrington manages to see the five-day week as part of a deliberate conspiracy against the individual, and for himself he has chosen freedom—or at least the freedom he fancies. After he had written a magazine article that contained the gist of what he has to say, he quit his job and got a grant from that grey-flanneled refuge for rebels, the Ford Foundation, so that he might contemplate his experiences at leisure and pad out his original argument to book length with a lot of improbably stagy anecdotes in which fictional department supervisors obligingly speak the lines he has written for them. There are also a lot of irrelevant quotations from people like Nietzsche and Dostoevsky who saw the real problem earlier and better.

It's the old Dale Carnegie technique in reverse, and despite the negative quality of Mr. Harrington's thinking, his book is really nothing more than the bitter rind of Norman Vincent Peale.

It's All There

DAVID T. BAZELON

Statistical Abstract of the United States: 1959. *Bureau of the Census, Washington, D.C. $3.50.*

They used to say of Sugar Ray Robinson that he was, pound for pound, the greatest fighter of the age; page for page, the *Abstract* is the greatest research tool of them all. We have here 1,042 pages, comprising thirty-four subject sections, consisting mostly of 1,227 statistical tables and forty-four charts, containing a half

million figures, referring in detail to who we are, what we did, how many and how much of this and of that. This layman's Univac will provide the discerning purchaser with many richly puzzling evenings of varied entertainment, and when used indiscriminately or malevolently is guaranteed to Irritate Friends and Confound Other People.

For instance, did you know that it took us a hundred years to move the center of population from twenty-three miles east of Baltimore, Maryland, to twenty miles east of Columbus, Indiana, and sixty years more to get it out of Indiana to eight miles north-northwest of Olney, Richland County, Illinois, where it was left in 1950? (Incidentally, "center of population" is "that point upon which the U.S. would balance, if it were a rigid plane without weight and the population distributed thereon with each individual being assumed to have equal weight and to exert an influence on a central point proportional to his distance from the point"—which is the loveliest image of democratic equality that I have come across recently.)

Did you know that white people live eight years longer than nonwhite people? That in my age bracket alone there are 247,000 surplus women? That the state with the highest 1958 birth rate was New Mexico, with 33.3 per thousand? (It figures, since they had exactly that same marriage rate in 1950—the highest for any state except for Nevada's indecent 311.5 per thousand.) That each person in America who didn't eat 348 eggs last year got cheated? That in 1957 only *one* girl received a doctorate in law? (Who was she?) That in the last three years 60,000 more women than men came to the United States as immigrants, and more men than women packed up and left? Somebody knows what's what.

The thirty-four subject sections begin with "Population" and end with "Comparative International Statistics." They present twenty-seven fascinating pages on "Income, Expenditures, and Wealth," an expanded post-Sputnik coverage of "Power and Scientific Development," and encompass a universe of other subjects ranging through education,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor, business, finance, agriculture, housing, etc., etc., to quantity and value of the New England herring catch (which happily doubled between 1930 and 1957). Each section is introduced by a page or so of text that outlines the coverage, indicates general sources (the specific source is stated after each of the 1,227 tables), notes deficient material, and gives warnings as to margins of error. In addition, there is a helpful table of contents, a forty-two-page index, a marvelously useful bibliography of sources, and a three-page preface which begins with a sonorous statement that the book "is the standard summary of statistics on the social, political and economic organization of the United States." The word "summary" is exquisitely well chosen, since the material included is drawn from all Federal statistical programs and all other local government and private sources deemed relevant or usable. The great beauty of the *Abstract,* at least for the serious researcher, is that it is not only a one-volume summary of everything useful or important but that it also—as if to apologize for being only one book—leads into every other major statistical source, governmental or private.

ONE CANNOT RESIST offering a few statistics on how this statistical Topsy grew. The first edition was published in 1878 by the Secretary of the Treasury, nobody remembers why. For twenty-five editions it stayed in Treasury, was then shunted around between Commerce and Labor from 1902 to 1937, and since 1938 has been settled comfortably with the Bureau of the Census. Until 1912 the book was a giveaway item for Congressmen, then was sold for fifty cents through 1920. Thereafter the price rose lackadaisically to a peak of $3.75 in 1954 and 1958; it has settled back to $3.50 this year. The coverage has changed widely over the years: e.g., about half of the early volumes were devoted to foreign commerce and navigation, now down to five per cent and less. For the last ten years, eighty new tables have been introduced annually. In 1948, 15,000 copies of the *Abstract* were printed and distributed; last year, 23,000 copies; this year, 24,000. (My informant at the

"WHAT WAS MY DADDY LIKE?"

Little Demetra Kouropdos often asks her mother, "What was my daddy like?" She loves to hear about her father. He is part of Demetra's dream.

Mrs. Kouropdos tells the little girl about their happy life in Athens before the father died. Demetra can hardly believe it. Life was so different then from the desperate poverty she knows today.

The father's wages supported his wife and little son Nicholas adequately. When Demetra was expected they were overjoyed. Two months before Demetra was born the father died of pneumonia. Demetra thinks he might have recovered if she could have nursed him. She dreams of being a nurse and helping other people.

Mrs. Kouropdos encourages Demetra's dream. But deep in her heart she doubts that it can ever be. Since her husband's death, they have moved to a tiny room. Her own health will not permit her to work. Her small pension will not support 2 children. To send Demetra to school she had to place her son in an orphanage.

Demetra knows that without help she too may be separated from her mother. Still she holds to her dream . . . she will become a nurse and help someone in need like the father she never knew.

You can help a child like Demetra

Right now you can help a child like Demetra live a happier, more normal life. Through an SCF Sponsorship, a child receives supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles, and money in your name. *And* the greatest gift of all—your friendship. Correspondence with a child through SCF gives hope and encouragement, not only to the child but to the child's family. Join the growing Save the Children Federation family of sponsors whose love and interest brings warmth and happiness to children in destitute areas of the free world.

Fill in the coupon below; begin an experience of "people-to-people" help, that can be one of the most gratifying experiences in your life.

SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry Luce, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

Registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid
"SERVING CHILDREN FOR 28 YEARS"

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Boston Post Rd., Norwalk, Connecticut

I want to sponsor a child at $150 a year in: Korea . . . Greece . . . France . . . West Germany (refugee children only) . . . Finland . . . Italy . . . Lebanon . . . or where need is greatest. . . . Enclosed is $150 for 1 year . . . $75 semi-annually . . . $37.50 for 1st quarter . . . $12.50 for 1st month . . . I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $.....

Please send me my sponsored child's name, story and picture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....**ZONE**....**STATE**.....

Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax R 10-9

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bureau looks forward to the day when distribution will reach as high as 100,000.) About 5,000 copies are giveaways to Congress, government agencies, libraries, and contributors. The overall production cost—of the *book,* not of the statistical programs (cost unknown) of the eighty-eight government agencies and fifty-nine private firms and research organizations which contribute to the contents—is about $100,000. Sales receipts cover only Printing Office overhead and distribution; printing costs alone are $40,000, and eleven bureau employees work on the project, four of them full-time. Being an old proofreader, I contemplated the proofreading job with unabashed horror, and was naturally pleased to be informed that not all the tables have to be reset each year—just "a good many of them."

TO ENJOY STATISTICS, one has to know how to read them. I suggest that they are like abstract painting in that they provide the material for meaningful images, rather than being direct representations of the images themselves. I think the ordinary irritation with statistics is similar to the ordinary person's resentment of modern art—you have to work at it too hard, and after all the effort the inner pattern that finally emerges is apt to contain deeply unresolved ambiguities. But our society is so big and complex and active that statistics, which are as abstract conceptually as abstract art is emotionally, are essential to social thinking. Conveniently enough, there is a solid basis for statistical interest among the American people—e.g., the popularity of baseball, one of the dullest games ever devised, the interest in which would be inconceivable without box scores, batting averages, and the broadcasters' incredible running commentary of minuscule statistics.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS, including the *Abstract,* are so cheap that commercial bookstores don't bother to stock them: no forty per cent markup. But all you have to do is write to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. You can even misdirect your letter: they've got a department for that, too.

Author! Author!

GERALD WEALES

ACT ONE, by Moss Hart. *Random House. $5.00.*

THE LIVING THEATRE, by Elmer Rice. *Harper. $5.50.*

The making of autobiography is not so much a process of remembering as it is of editing and organizing the memories. It is an occasion in which the author can show the world the face that he believes is his or that he wishes were his. The retired general can explain his losses on the battlefield and the retired politician his losses at the ballot box. The rugged individualist can trace the straight and virtuous line that led him from railroad flat to executive suite. What is more, the autobiographer, as likely as not, is telling the truth, or *a* truth; if facts are occasionly awry and interpretations sound like special pleading, there is a kind of personal validity to the self-image that the autobiographer offers the reader.

The ruminations are the result of my having just finished reading Moss Hart's *Act One.* Forgoing the tradition that theatrical autobiography is simply anecdotage, the playwright has attempted to give a picture of himself as the Bronx boy with a Broadway dream who, through a mixture of good luck and hard work, became a rich and successful dramatist. "I have a pet theory of my own," Hart says early in the book, "that the theatre is an inevitable refuge of the unhappy child." Here, then, is the motivation of Hart's story, the drive that sent him in search of the glamorous success that would free him of both the poverty and the insensitivity of his childhood surroundings. *Act One* begins with the family and social situation from which Hart sought to escape and ends with the opening of *Once in a Lifetime,* an event that gave him the money he needed to turn his back on his past. Along the way we are given accounts of Hart's youthful fiasco as a playwright when *The Beloved Bandit* folded without ever reaching New York; of his one appearance as an actor in a revival of *The Emperor Jones*; of his years as a social director at summer camps and as a director of amateur theatricals. The last half of the book tells in detail his adventures with *Once in a Lifetime,* a series of stops and starts, fumbles and near misses, culminating in final triumph, with the figure of that collaborating angel, George S. Kaufman, hovering continuously above the scene.

The pattern is one of determination alternating with despair until the *Act One* curtain that finds the Bronx ugly duckling transformed into the Broadway swan. The portrait is an interesting one; essentially, I suspect, it is a true one. Why, with substantive truth at hand, should I have become uneasy about specific details? I am not certain whether it was Hart's total recall of long-dead conversations (call it poetic license) that first unnerved me, or his total forget of dates. "The fact that I was eighteen years old and Smithers was supposed to be a drunken and battered sixty did not faze me at all . . . ," he writes, describing how he got his one acting job. The fact is that Hart was not eighteen. That production of *The Emperor Jones* opened on November 10, 1926; Hart, according to the standard reference books (see *Who's Who*), was born in 1904. When it comes to playing Smithers, who according to O'Neill was forty, not sixty, it may make little difference whether the actor is eighteen or twenty-two, but the missing four years manages to pump the piquancy of extreme youth into Hart's reminiscences. Thus, his failure with *The Beloved Bandit* must have come in 1925 and the teen-age playwright was not in his teens at all. The same kind of carelessness about details has allowed Kaufman's famous curtain speech, in which he said of *Once in a Lifetime* that "eighty per cent of this play is Moss Hart," to go up five per cent in Hart's favor since it was reported for the first edition of *Twentieth Century Authors.*

All of which makes me a pedant, I suppose. Still, there is no reason why *Act One* could not have offered

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its neat account of the rise of Moss Hart without sacrificing fact for art's sake. Now that art has got into the discussion, however, there are a few complaints that I want to make on that score. Hart tells how Kaufman always began rewriting by cutting a scene to the bare bones of action that sustained it. The younger playwright's autobiography could have used that kind of surgery. The book suffers throughout from Hart's fondness for psychologizing himself so relentlessly and from his need to repeat and repeat his findings. There are fascinating things in *Act One*—the portraits of Augustus Pitou, of Charles Gilpin, of Sam H. Harris, of Kaufman; the account of how *Once in a Lifetime* finally made its way to the stage; above all, Hart's own idea of himself. Still, all that is best in the book is put in doubt by Hart's factual casualness and is submerged in his heavy-handed probing of his psyche. At one point he says that "truth sometimes emerges as hopelessly cliché." From time to time, in *Act One*, the hopelessly cliché seems to be emerging as almost truth.

ALTHOUGH there are personal bits in *The Living Theatre*, Elmer Rice's book is in no sense an autobiography. It is an introduction to the theater that grew out of a series of lectures that the playwright gave at New York University in 1957. It is a strange mixture of the very obvious and the occasionally useful. When Rice separates the play from other art forms by pointing out that it must be acted, or when he runs through a conventional thumbnail history of drama, the book is as dull as any other textbook on the subject. When he attempts to make the practical business of play producing clear by recounting his difficulties with *Street Scene*, when he describes the work of the Dramatists Guild or his own part in the Federal Theatre Project, *The Living Theatre* becomes lively simply by escaping its abstractions and, incidentally, becomes valuable to the student of American drama. I do not know at what audience the Rice book is aimed, but I imagine that it will attract readers already knowledgeable about the theater who will find themselves struggling to stay with great sections of it. I found myself wishing that Rice, who seems to have a better filing system than Moss Hart, had just written an account of his own life in the theater and had left the theatrical bromides to the teachers of freshman courses in drama.

Parade's End

EARL RAAB

WHEN NEGROES MARCH, by Herbert Garfinkel. *Free Press. $4.*

The most successful mass demonstration in recent American history wasn't held. That may well have been the secret of its success.

In May of 1941, A. Philip Randolph of the Sleeping Car Porters issued a formal call for ten thousand Negroes to "march on Washington for jobs and equal participation in national defense." Later that month, the Chicago *Defender* spoke of fifty thousand Negroes preparing to march on Washington July 1; the New York *Amsterdam News* raised the ante to a hundred thousand. In a June conference with Negro leaders, President Roosevelt, with customary candor, asked Walter White of the N.A.A.C.P. how many Negroes would *really* march. White replied blandly, "No less than one hundred thousand." Roosevelt soon issued his historic Executive Order 8802 banning discrimination in defense employment, and the march was called off. A powerful President had reluctantly surrendered to the principal demands of the March on Washington movement, although this movement was not well organized among the grass roots from which it purported to draw its strength, and no one really knew whether the march would prove to be a torrent or a trickle.

Mr. Garfinkel's perceptive dissection of this dramatic *coup de race* will undoubtedly be of interest to all

BORIS PASTERNAK

POEMS

Translated by
EUGENE M. KAYDEN

The author of *Doctor Zhivago* is above all the greatest living Russian poet. This book contains over one hundred of his best poems, eighteen of them from *Doctor Zhivago*, and others written after the novel.

These translations have earned the praise of the author himself. "'Summer of 1917,' 'Poetry,' 'Improvisation'," Pasternak wrote to Eugene Kayden, "moved me and overcame my inveterate resistance against myself at those times. Owing to you, I felt for a moment anew the freshness and thrill of that past. I am happy to say it to you quite sincerely." $3.95

DOKTOR ZHIVAGO
in the original Russian text is also published by The University of Michigan Press ($6.50)

PÍO BAROJA

THE RESTLESSNESS OF SHANTI ANDÍA

AND OTHER WRITINGS

Translated with an Introduction by ANTHONY KERRIGAN

The leading Spanish novelist of the century is at his best in this fine English translation of a novel, short stories, essays, sketches and a play. His trenchant realism pictures the turbulence of Basque seacoast life.

Hemingway pays him homage, and Sir Herbert Read calls *The Restlessness of Shanti Andia* "one of the classics of modern European literature." $6.50

At your bookseller

The University of Michigan Press Ann Arbor

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serious students of the American Negro, of the civil-rights movement, or of political and social action in general. For the March on Washington movement, brief as it was, marked the beginning of many things still with us.

In early 1941 the Negro community's morale was low. Its second-class status was still painfully apparent. Negroes were not sharing in the exciting hustle of the nation away from depression and toward world involvement. The Negro's traditional white liberal champions seemed to have other matters than civil rights on their minds. In the fall of 1940, when Roosevelt was asked to integrate white and Negro servicemen, he replied with a flat public statement reaffirming the policy of segregation. Such friends as Eleanor Roosevelt and Fiorello La Guardia urged the Negro community not to make too much trouble. In a sense the traditional channels of negotiation and conciliation between Negro and white communities had broken down, and the Negroes were on their own. It was for this reason that Randolph called for "collective self-reliance," and that the March on Washington movement excluded whites from its ranks.

Mr. Garfinkel suggests, as the moral of this story, that "The big problem for the Negro leadership today is how to resist the easy path of relying once again on white philanthropy for their primary organizational sustenance." He also concludes that "legislation" and "the vigilance of the courts" remain the prime weapons in the fight for racial justice. These sentiments would probably bring nods of assent from most Negro leaders and not a few whites. Yet they are already anachronistic; for at their root is a refusal or inability to distinguish the problem of discrimination from the problems of integration.

It is in the Northern and Western states that the spirit of the March on Washington movement has found its home. The creation of the first Fair Employment Practices Commission by militant action touched off a series of reforms that is almost spent by its own success. California and Ohio just this year became the fifteenth and sixteenth states to pass FEPC laws. This comes close to completing the roster of industrial Northern and Western states, if we call "South" those eighteen states which have had laws requiring or officially permitting school segregation. More than eighty per cent of the nonwhite population in the states outside the South is now covered by FEPC laws. This figure will exceed ninety per cent when the roster is eventually graced by Southern-edged Illinois, which has already come very close. In addition, when Indiana and Kansas, which have enacted toothless fair-employment laws, add more effective procedures, about ninety-eight per cent of the nonwhite population outside the South will be protected by enforceable laws prohibiting discrimination in employment.

Moreover, once these Northern and Western states pass fair-employment laws, they follow in due course with an orderly procession of laws banning discrimination in other areas. At the latest count, eight states had added laws covering publicly assisted housing, e.g., housing with Federal Housing Administration or Veterans Administration mortgage guarantees.

California recently provided a rather startling example of the way in which the pace of civil-rights legislation has been accelerated. After a strenuous ten-year struggle and with a strong assist from the governor, a fair-employment law was finally enacted this year. Many of the civil-rights proponents assumed that this would be the major civil-rights score for 1959, and turned to the business of seeing how far they could move a bill outlawing discrimination in "publicly assisted" housing. It wasn't on Governor Brown's legislative program, and its sponsors regarded their efforts at this time as primarily an educational exercise. Nevertheless, the bill swept through the assembly with a surprising 69-7 vote. It then went to the state senate, where the presumably intractable opposition lay. There was a long list of state senators to whom such a measure was clearly anathema and who didn't have a nonwhite constituency to worry about. Yet the bill passed without a single dissenting vote, 35-0. There was no debate on the floor.

The N.A.A.C.P., caught in the unaccustomed position of having hatched more chickens than it had counted, called "stunning" and "startling" this unanimous action "by a senate including a number of legislators who have traditionally opposed and fought civil-rights legislation"; its opponents seemed to have just thrown up their hands and left the ramparts. They were announcing in effect their recognition of a kind of natural law of inevitability for certain civil-rights legislation in the North and West.

In short, the legislative campaign to ban discrimination in the North and West is no longer the pitched battle it was even six years ago. It is fast becoming a rout. Consequently the non-South is entering a new stage in dealing with its problems of racial integration, and faces some fundamental challenges that cannot be met by a simple March on Washington motif.

The social goal for all Americans is not merely the absence of discrimination but the end of all ghettos. But integration cannot finally be achieved by laws prohibiting discrimination, no matter how well implemented. Integration *can* be successfully imposed by law in certain governmental institutions, such as the armed forces and public housing, for in these cases the prohibition of discrimination becomes the equivalent of integration. But this is not the case in private housing, which is after all the key to integration in general. There is an obvious clue in the phenomenon of "tipping," the tendency of private "open-occupancy" housing developments to become preponderantly or wholly Negro.

Even if laws effectively and immediately wipe out the practice of discrimination tomorrow, there would still remain a significant barrier to immediate integration on a large scale. For the Puerto Ricans, the Mexicans, and the Negroes of the North and West all share certain "immigrant" characteristics and they display group differences which, however temporary, are real. The median income of the nonwhite worker is still little more than half that of the white worker. About twenty-five per cent of nonwhite

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

males are employed as unskilled laborers, against about six per cent of white males. The gap closes at a grudging pace; seniority and skills are lagging as well as income. There tends to be a statistical difference not only in years of schooling but in educational performance. A survey of the school performance of Negroes in the graduating classes of thirty-two public high schools in eleven Northern and Western states showed that, while Negro students comprised about thirty-five per cent of the total, only about two per cent of them were represented in the academically highest quarter of their various classes. The gap closes here at a necessarily slower pace than the achievement of civil rights.

Nor is it responsible to say: let us just obtain civil rights, an open marketplace of opportunity, and everything will work itself out "eventually." The large cities don't have time. Indeed, the central metropolitan areas themselves are "tipping." Two and a half million Negroes are now concentrated in five cities. These compact Negro populations in Northern and Western cities continue to swell, while the white population slowly shifts outward. Thus, certain unhealthy population patterns may be frozen into our national life. Equal but stubbornly separate "black belts" could conceivably root themselves in the metropolitan centers of the North and West, with chronic unhappy implications for politics and "intergroup relations." In any case, this is the kind of problem that must be faced frankly in the upcoming "post-legislative" phase. The "race gap" needs closing; and some bold leadership is needed—above all within the Negro community, to help it make use of the opportunities it already possesses even while it struggles for more.

THE TASK is complicated by the fact that the Negro community has come to expect quick action, action directed outward rather than inward toward the life of the Negro community itself. But so far as the Northern and Western states are concerned, the triumphal legislative hayride inaugurated by the March on Washington movement is nearly over.

Now available to the public!

HOLT tapes

Language Laboratory Tapes

Learn French or Russian at home this new and better way

The newest, most effective method yet developed for learning a foreign language quickly, easily, naturally. Thanks to magnetic tape you can now have a language laboratory right in your own living room.

To demonstrate the advantages of this new method the publisher has prepared an Introductory Sample tape, containing 30 minutes of recorded material. Try it in your own home. Simply write your name and address below, tear out this ad, clip it to a dollar, and mail to **HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Dept. 77.** If you decide to take the course your dollar will be credited against purchase price. Tapes are two-track, 3¾ ips.

Only $1 for sample lesson

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Check course wanted ☐ French ☐ Russian

WRITING

TV, PLAYS, SHORT STORY, NOVEL, MOVIE

Under the Personal Direction of **LAJOS EGRI**

Author of: "The Art of Dramatic Writing" (Simon & Schuster) (7th Printing)

GILBERT MILLER, *Producer*—"I feel that this book will greatly influence the American Theatre and public as well."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON, *Herald Tribune*—"Mr. Egri's principles could be read with profit, by all seeking success in any form of fiction."

GABRIEL PASCAL, *Producer of George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion, Major Barbara, etc.*—"This book will live through the ages."

● **WORKSHOP for Beginners & Advanced Writers**

REGISTER NOW FOR FALL TERM—STARTING MONDAY, OCT. 26

EGRI SCHOOL OF WRITING — ESTABLISHED 1930

939 Eighth Ave. (Bet 55 & 56 Sts.) — (Circle 6-6121) New York 19, N. Y.

SANTA CLAUS HIMSELF COULD NOT CHOOSE A BETTER GIFT

(See Page 45)

EUROPE

We'll see the usual, plus Dublin to past the Iron Curtain—Africa to Sweden. A different trip—for the young in spirit who want to be accompanied but not herded around. Also shorter trips. $724-$1390

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS

255 Sequoia, Box R — Pasadena, California

DON'T QUIT SMOKING

... Before Giving My Pipe a Trial!

New principle that contradicts every idea you've ever had about pipe smoking. I guarantee it to smoke cool and mild hour after hour, day after day, without rest without bite, bitterness or sludge. To prove it, I'll let you try a new Carey Pipe. Send name today for my FREE complete trial offer. Write to: **E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept.** 13310, **Chicago 40, Ill.**

"LAST YEAR Mayor Wagner announced his refusal to greet Ibn Saud—on the grounds that Ibn Saud discriminates against Jews. Now Nikita Khrushchev not only discriminates against Jews, he kills them. On the other hand, he does much the same thing to Catholics and Protestants. Could that be why Mr. Wagner consented to honor Khrushchev? Khrushchev murders people without regard to race, color or creed, that is, on straight FEPC lines; and therefore, whatever he is guilty of, he is not guilty of discrimination. Is that the new rationality?"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. R-5, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for free copy.

NEW AND UNUSUAL

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A distinctive new group of 65 cards drawn from the Museum's own collections – masterpieces of European drawing, painting, and sculpture, medieval woodcuts, miniature paintings, early American Christmas illustrations, works of art from India, China, and Japan. Printed under supervision of the Metropolitan Museum. Cards cost 5 to 75 cents each. They can be bought ONLY by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, enclosing 25 cents for the handsome illustrated catalogue.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Fifth Avenue at 82 Street, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed (F)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Notes

A Natural History of New York City, by John Kieran. Illustrated by Henry Bugbee Kane. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.75.*

Working on the premise that few New Yorkers suspect the range of wildlife that persists in their most urban of areas, Mr. Kieran proceeds to tell where, when, and how to find it. He examines the local geology, and points out that it is the dip in the supporting Manhattan Schist that restricts the skyscraper to two main clumps, midtown and downtown. He lists the wonders to be found on a small scale in a glass of sea or fresh water, and on a larger scale in Central or Van Cortlandt Park—to say nothing of the enormous bug and mammal population that practices togetherness with people. But he insists that the citizens do, after all, outnumber any other kind of mammal to be spotted here; and even the pigeons, which sometimes seem to be taking over, amount to only some 350,000. Mr. Kieran's style is, as one would expect, pleasantly relaxed and anecdotal. The illustrations, however, while handsome, are neither scientific nor many. It is all very well to be told that the author has "seen the Dickcissel (*Spiza americana*) no less than three times in Van Cortlandt Park in the past few years [and] that it would be well to be on the watch for this wanderer from the West in the fall and winter," but if one happens to be vague about the dimensions of the Dickcissel and if no sketch is forthcoming, how is one to know him when one does meet him?

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, by Alan Sillitoe. *Knopf. $3.75.*

"If you want to know summat, I've had a peaceful life. I never did like trouble, or doing people harm. It upsets me too much, like boozing." Thus Arthur Seaton, the Teddy Boy hero of Mr. Sillitoe's first novel, informs his girl friend Brenda, and the bit of information, like almost everything else he says, is at once both true and untrue. For Seaton is a lying, cheating, brawling philanderer of twenty-four, largely motivated by urges to deceive, destroy, and triumph. He comes from and remains part of a working-class Midlands family, and like his father he works at a humdrum job in the local bicycle factory. What leisure time he has is devoted to getting drunk, sleeping with other men's wives, and—usually as a result of the first two—fighting other men. His occasional moments of contemplation come while he fishes in a nearby canal; they amount to a generalized and diffuse defiance. Defiance of whom? Of practically everyone: the factory owners, the union, the government, the army, and the husbands he has cuckolded. This may suggest a dreary social document, but this novel is far from that. The reader is constantly admiring the ingenuity of Seaton's lies, cheering him on in his escapades, and praying for his deliverance in close calls. The nearest either we or the hero comes to that self-consciousness which is a precondition of morality is to measure, from time to time, events against the touchstone of Arthur's well-being. In his fleeting, barely formed moods—worry, anger, hope, morbidity, fear—we may pause almost long enough to assess and deplore what he has done. But not for long. Like his army-deserting cousin who at war's end bought decoration ribbons for his uniform, Arthur Seaton gets away with almost everything. Eventually, of course, he gets the pasting of his life at the hands of an aggrieved husband, but in terms of the plot itself there is no poetic justice. The struggle which is hardest and which he is in danger of losing is the struggle against the mechanics of living itself, the entrapment of modern urban life.

So Be It, or The Chips Are Down, by André Gide. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes, by Justin O'Brien. *Knopf. $3.50.*

By eighty-one Gide had developed anorexia, a loss of appetite that affected him intellectually as well as physically. "I have great trouble in getting interested in what I am reading. After twenty pages the new book falls from my hands . . ." His want caused him not suffering but satisfaction. He approached his death with total equanimity, even without the comfort of a God in whom he could not, to the end, believe; it is not difficult to give up that for which one has lost one's hunger.

In these his last pages, he records some thoughts and recollections on his striving for honesty, his pederastic preferences, his sympathy for those who suffer, his efforts to grow old with dignity (unlike two great and noble men he describes, debased in old age by rampant gluttony).

He explains that he decided to write this book at random, without rereading or retouching, as an experiment. In contrast to the more dour-faced anti-rationalists of whom we now have such a plethora, his pursuit of his inner self is lighthearted: "Let me warn you at the outset: be careful not to give too much importance to what I am setting down now . . . If I feel like contradicting myself, I shall contradict myself without hesitation; I shall not strive for 'coherence.' But shall not affect incoherence either. Beyond logic there is a sort of hidden psychology that is more important to me here. I take care to say 'here,' for I can endure illogicality only momentarily and for fun."

By Rocking Chair Across America, by Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle. *Funk & Wagnalls. $3.95.*

A smooth and slyly unsubtle farce by an Englishman who, having concluded primly that too many tourists have written books about the U.S.A. after spending just a few weeks here, has managed to concoct one without ever visiting us at all. Mr. Atkinson's lampoon of the national character in its varying manifestations is consistently funny. He whacks all our current predilections and institutions so thoroughly, in fact, that the effect is somewhat vitiated through excess. His cast of thousands includes a terrible organization woman with a mild case of schizophrenia contracted at Coney Island, her alarming child who completely dominates the family, and innumerable unbearably charming Southerners and dour laconic Yankees.

The illustrations by Ronald Searle, who *has* been here, are brilliant. His New England is inundated with Grandma Moseses, all of them grinding out classic Christmas Card canvases; his Texas sports the most gruesomely lavish automobile ever envisioned anywhere; and his South boasts a fat Rosinante standing morosely at attention while the Stars and Bars is lowered.

The Great Bombay Explosion, by John Ennis. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3.50.*

On April 14, 1944, six months after the government of India had officially declared the area more or less immune to hostile attack by the Japanese, a fire in the hold of the S.S. *Fort Stikine* (whose destination, when she left Birkenhead, England, "was a secret known only to the Ministry of War Transport, port security officials, the whole of the crew, and anybody else who had happened by while she was being loaded . . . with crates boldly stenciled 'Karachi' or 'Bombay')" touched off a double-barreled explosion that shattered the heart of the port of Bombay, devastated three hundred acres of dock area, reduced ten ships to scrap metal, and killed an estimated five hundred people. At the time the Japanese propaganda machine happily accepted full responsibility. Mr. Ennis effectively demonstrates, however, that the explosion resulted from an incredible series of blunders on the part of loyal and conscientious British subjects inextricably tangled in a cat's-cradle of contradictory regulations, farcical impasses, and misdirected energies.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

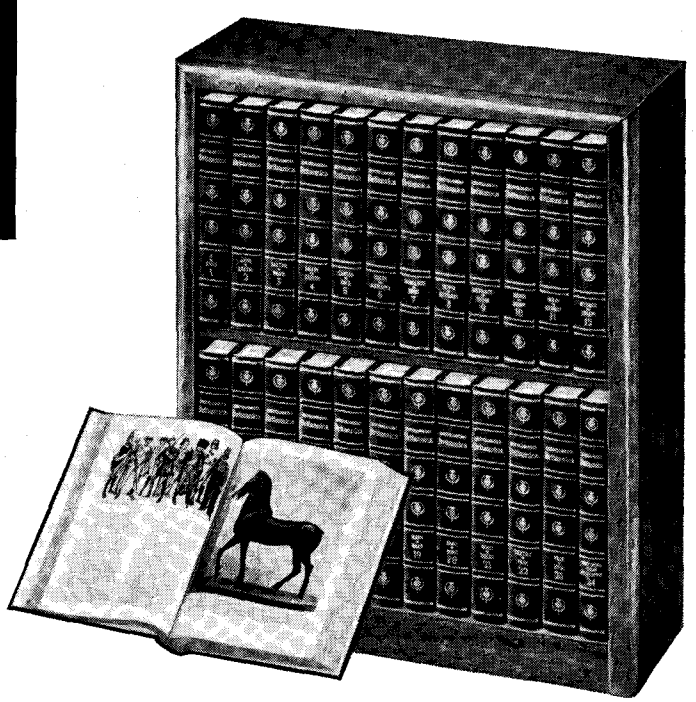
WHEN MOST PEOPLE SAY "I THINK..." DO THEY REALLY THINK?

A THOUGHTFUL DISCUSSION **by Dr. D. Alan Walter**

"We all have occasion to express our opinions a dozen times a day, and our progress in our jobs . . . our standing in any group depends in large part on how sound our opinions are. A person who says 'I think' about any given subject, and then expresses attitudes which are clearly not informed thoughts, but a jumble of emotional misinformation, is rarely listened to with respect.

"To think intelligently about any subject one must have knowledge. Not just current facts picked up in newspapers and magazines, but a background of knowledge against which facts can be evaluated and sound opinions formed.

"No one mind can hold all the information necessary to arrive at a thoughtful opinion on all subjects, but one reference set does—the esteemed Encyclopaedia Britannica, for almost 200 years the world's most respected, comprehensive, and authoritative treasure of knowledge. For anyone who recognizes the importance of expressing opinions which plainly show that when you say 'I think' you are expressing real thought—not uninformed prejudice nor unthinking conformity—the Encyclopaedia Britannica is an essential possession. It is the objective source of the knowledge a mind must have in order to think with lucidity and discernment."



Brand new edition

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

now available direct from the publisher on

Book a Month Payment Plan

you get all 24 volumes now—pay later!

The latest edition of Britannica—the greatest treasure of knowledge ever published—is the biggest and greatest in our almost 200-year publishing history. An *enormous printing* materially reduces our costs and under an unusual direct-from-the-publisher plan, we pass these savings on to you. All 24 handsome volumes of this world-renowned reference library will be delivered to your home NOW *direct from the publisher*. You pay later at a cost so low it is as easy as buying a book a month!

Equivalent to a library of 1,000 books

The Encyclopaedia Britannica is the most valuable gift you can give yourself and your family—the priceless gift of knowledge. Contained in its pages is information on every subject significant to mankind. It is equivalent to a library of 1,000 books, bringing you the knowledge and authority of world-recognized leaders in every field.

Just think of a subject—and you'll find it in the Encyclopaedia Britannica—whether it is information on the rules of a sport, the background of a religion, how to build a brick arch in a fireplace, or the science of launching a guided missile.

The new Britannica almost "televises" information to you, with 25,042 magnificent photographs, maps, and drawings. In every respect, Britannica is the largest and most complete reference set published in America, containing 27,357 pages and over 38,000,000 words.

Symbol of a good home

Encyclopaedia Britannica cannot help but have a lasting effect on you as well as on the growth and development of your children in school and in later life. Benjamin Franklin said: "An investment in knowledge pays the best interest," and Britannica gives you the accumulated knowledge of the world in clear, easy-to-read language and superb illustrations. It is essential in every home where education is valued and respected.

Preview Booklet Offered FREE

Simply fill in and mail the coupon today, and we will send you . . . without cost or obligation . . . a copy of our beautiful, new booklet which contains an exciting preview of the latest edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica. Send no money—not even for postage. It's yours, absolutely free! However, since this offer is necessarily limited, please mail the coupon today before it slips your mind.

Mail Coupon Now for FREE BOOKLET

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, DEPT. 30-J
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, *free and without obligation*, your colorful Preview Booklet which pictures and describes the latest edition of ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA. Also include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publisher*, on the Book a Month Payment Plan.

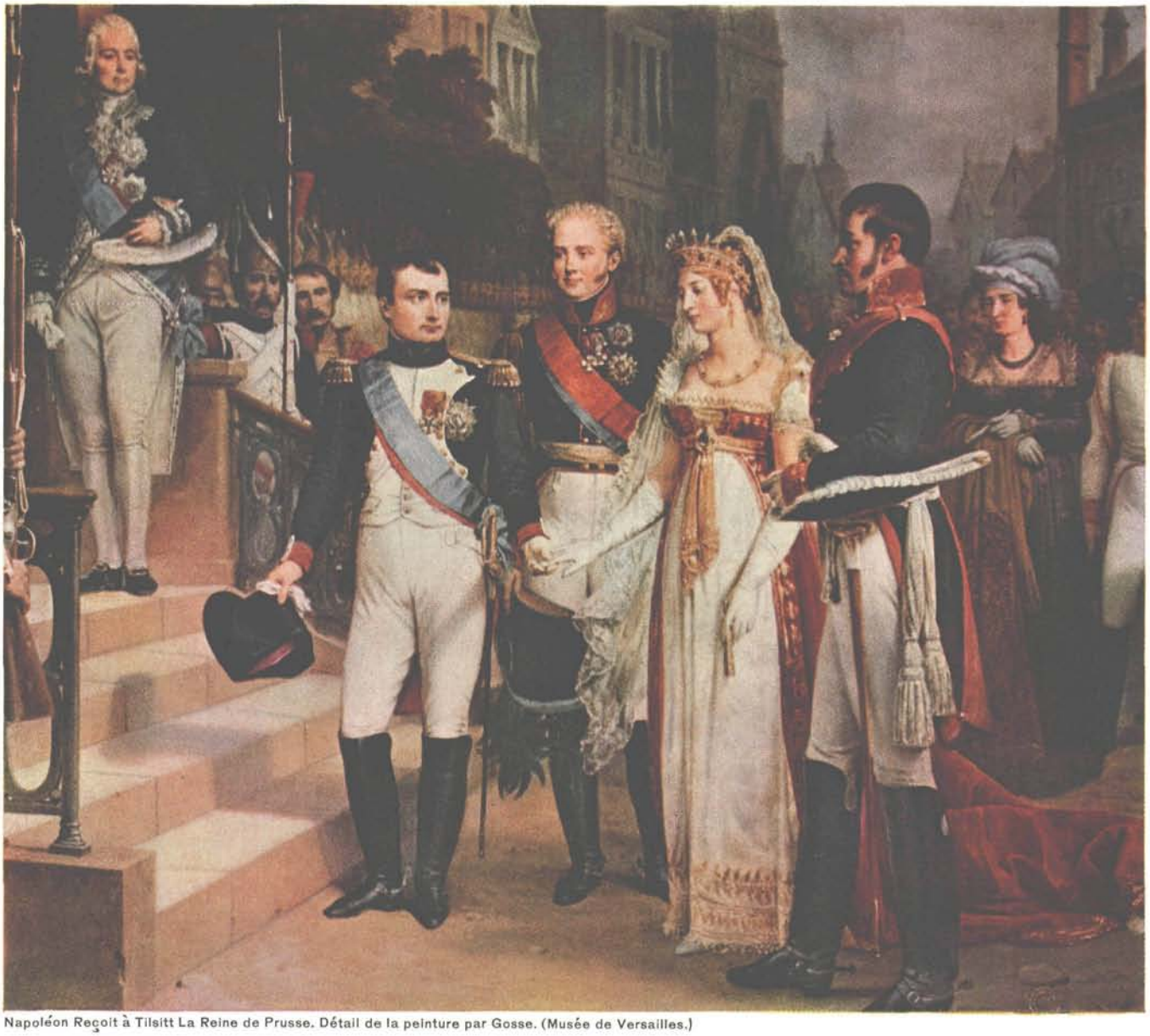
*Name*_____
Please Print

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

In Canada, write E.B. Ltd., Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

What a host of historic moments are associated with Courvoisier Cognac! It is ***The Brandy of Napoleon.*** As you lift a glass of Courvoisier, reflect *un petit moment* that you hold in your hand Cognac of the same matchless flavour and bouquet which has been the choice of kings and statesmen, of all who can command the finest.

Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

*COURVOISIER COGNAC — AND COURVOISIER ONLY — BEARS THIS REGISTERED PHRASE ON EVERY BOTTLE. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T.V.*, P O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. Dept. R-1.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED